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# THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WHAT have we here? Acquittal of the Tory peers by the *Morning Leader*! The Tory peers are not malefactors who for their misdeeds deserve to be swamped by a flood from an effluent which we will not particularise! The verdict of the *Morning Leader* is "Not guilty." The vice of the whole situation was "the debating weakness of the Government in the Lords." In order that the Tory peers may leave the dock without a stain on their political characters, a rider to the verdict is appended: "The case was never properly presented to the Tory peers either for that Bill [Budget], or for any other of the great measures that were rejected—the Education Bill, the Licensing Bill, or the Scottish Land Reform Bill." Really; and so a Government which was incapable of making arrangements for the proper explanation of its measures is entitled to pose as grievously wounded in its tenderest part when measures which its exponents were unable to explain are rejected! We think frankly that the boot has been on the wrong foot all this time, and the welkin should have thundered with condemnation of an incompetent Ministry.

In our issue of February 18th we remarked, discussing the Chesterton manner, "Mr. Chesterton's style of writing reminds us sometimes of the thunderous declamatory sentences of Swinburne hurling his elaborate anathemas at Walt Whitman." So Mr. Chesterton the writer; but what

shall we say of Mr. Chesterton the platform-orator and politician? Speaking recently, he is reported to have remarked that the House of Lords was a mob, and, although he had no liking for mobs, he preferred the House of Commons. Mr. Chesterton appears to be a *connoisseur* in this matter for which he has so little liking. "Odi profanum vulgus;" but does he add—"et arceo. Credat Judaeus Appella"? We have a suspicion that Mr. Chesterton, less wise than Mr. Belloc, has a hankering for Parliament. We should like to submit a point for his consideration. If he chooses the House of Commons he will, we fear, come into contact with many mobs before he joins the mob amongst whom he is evidencing a desire to be included. On the other hand, if he quietly submits his name to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, as a person of remarkably even and judicial temperament, eminently fitted to be included in the mob which is to be pitched into the House of Lords, he will only be brought into contact, and remain in communion with, one mob. To a person of his fastidiousness in relation to mobs this consideration ought to be decisive.

*The Parsi*, a flourishing Indian journal, reminds us that our friends so many thousand miles away take a very keen interest in English affairs. Its editorial notes are smart, and in one of them the point is made that Indian students in England should not live together in coteries, but should rather stay, where possible, in a suitable home, "where they would learn to know at first-hand all that is best in English family and social life." An article discussing the literary tastes of the Parsi "sweet girl graduates" discloses the interesting fact that the Parsi "young beauties" (we quote our contemporary) are eagerly taking up the study of French as their "second language." We presume this means that English is the first. Spiritualism appears in the correspondence columns quite in the English style, and the name of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson startles us on another page, for he treats upon "The Origin of the Aryan: a Riddle of Ethnology." We are not quite accustomed to him in that vein, but he is distinctly good. Upon the vernacular half of *The Parsi* we venture no comment save that it has a serial story, which, judging by the number of inverted commas, contains much dialogue of the "crisp and sparkling" variety dear to composers of *feuilletons*.

It is just as well, perhaps, that our national temperament restrains us from the sudden excitements and dangerous ebullitions which so frequently occupy the attention of the police on the other side of the Channel. A dramatist produces a new play which happens to offend a certain clique, and promptly a couple of thousand gesticulating and howling persons assemble in front of the theatre to "demonstrate." What they demonstrate, beside their own stupidity, is difficult for us to understand, unless, as in the case which prompts these remarks, it is the existence of unsuspected tendencies and passions and beliefs in the crowd. M. Bernstein, or his play "Après Moi," has had the ill-luck to injure the susceptibilities of the anti-Semitic group in Paris, and the incidents which followed the production are calculated to surprise the peace-loving West-end theatre-goer; rioting throngs, a cavalry charge, nightly scenes of tumult within the "Comédie Française," and a crop of duels, are among the items recorded by the Press. The contagion of a common theme transforms a harmless crowd of citizens into a menace to law, order, and society in almost any country; the damage is done by the time the cooler and more analytic hour returns. Discussion first and revolt after would be a more sensible method—since the discussion would often obviate the necessity for revolt.

## THE BIRTH

What time the pale moon slowly gathered light  
And beamed with loveliness through bower and lane;  
And countless stars in her resplendent train  
Bedecked the trailing robes of odorous night;  
When creeping vines sent forth their tendrils slight  
To twine the stiffened trunk with leafy chain,  
And Springtime northward pushed his flowery reign  
Where happy nestlings spread their wings for flight,  
Then Love was born, and with his dimpled hand  
Reared his sweet empire in the human heart.  
No tramp of armies sounded in the land,  
No courts of justice gleamed with studied art,  
But near his throne, a ministering sister-band,  
Stood Peace and Sympathy and Joy apart.

W. F. P.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## GOVERNMENT BY OVERSTRAIN

THE now constantly occurring physical failure of statesmen and politicians furnishes cause for thought. The interests of the State are entitled to primary consideration. We have had a long and close intimacy with political life, and we have observed phases varying with the methods of the times.

To go back still further, we easily gather from history that the triumphs of the Pitts were brought about in an atmosphere alien to that in which Ministers are now expected to conserve the vital interests of the Empire. Chatham could not have undergone the soul-destroying babble of Hyde Park orators pitchforked into the forum of the nation. In the quietude of his retreat at Hampstead he pondered on the needs of the nation, and was enabled to prescribe the measures essential to its salvation. At the last, when storm and stress could no longer be avoided, he expired in the gilded chamber expounding the policy which, if it had prevailed, would have consolidated an English-speaking Empire which would have dominated the world. Pitt, the son, brought about his wonderful European combinations which culminated in the overthrow of Napoleon, in an atmosphere of comparative tranquillity. Palmerston was in no sense a political cheap-jack, although towards the latter part of his career the tendency of politics had notably deteriorated. Disraeli, although burdened with long and mostly futile attendances in the House of Commons, had nothing of the demagogue about him, and his appearances on public platforms were few. Gladstone, less wise than Bright, was continually talking, with the result that what he said, and frequently what he did, was of very little value. In his first campaign in Midlothian he poured forth language which the *Times* could not report in less than forty-seven columns. We read the effusions to the lasting detriment of our eyesight and equanimity. If Mr. Balfour's half-sheet had been large enough it would have contained all the points which were of any value. If the *copia verborum* is to be the criterion of statesmanship, we are rather disposed to despair of the Republic.

Public utility and personal fitness are, we contend—perhaps it is a truism—interdependent. How is personal fitness to be preserved in an atmosphere of constant storm and ceaseless activity? *Non tendit semper arcum Apollo.* The nerves are laid waste, the brain snaps. The truth at last emerges. National interests and all that they involve have been entrusted to the safe-keeping of a broken man.

The exhibitions of petulance, the absence of restraint in language, the violent, foolish, and untutored excursions in legislation are, we find, not referable to malignity, but to overtaxed and failing powers. The care of an Empire, the administration of vast dependencies are entrusted to men who are on the verge of collapse. Is this a sane system? Is it not paltering with the heritage of generations to come? We see no possible answers but a negative answer to the first question, and an affirmative to the second. If the conclusion be conceded, should not remedial measures follow? We think so, and yet we have lately observed Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton recommending changes which would intensify a hundredfold the evils to which we have pointed. We contend that more detachment, more leisure, less nerve-strain are essential for those whose responsibilities are national; that we should realise that we must cease to give to party what was meant for mankind.

Recall the decadence of the late Lord Salisbury, after a few years of the attempt to combine the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords. Remember the collapse of Mr. Chamberlain, who, after incurring the responsibility of and mainly controlling a great war, worn with service in the House of Commons, undertook to convert the country to the fiscal system which he advocated. We cannot forget—it is too recent and too tragic—the fate of Lord Crewe.

To measure accurately the disasters and devastation of the House of Commons system alone we ought to compile a list of those of the rank-and-file who have gone under beneath the wrack of the most inane system of self-advertisement which has ever obtained. All-night sittings, constant autumn sessions, frequent General Elections—tension all. Where is to be found the individual possessing a digestive system, a nervous system, and vital energy equal to the strain?

We hold strongly that a remedy must be found in order that the service of the State may be efficiently performed. The English nation is fond of specious shams, but it cannot afford to accept the risks of being governed by men whose physical powers are strained to breaking-point.

CECIL COWPER.

## THE ECONOMICS OF PREFERENCE

## I.

STATES, even when international commerce is on a small scale, have always tended towards a certain economic policy. In the great majority of cases they have not only tended to that policy, but they have fully adopted it. The policy in question may be defined as follows: Freedom of exchange within the boundaries of the State coupled with a system of tolls levied on its frontiers.

We first note the phenomenon as a matter of history. Upon what kind of reasoning or economic instinct it is based

we will discuss in a moment, but as a fact or happening the phenomenon is there.

A city, when cities regarded themselves as autonomous, and attempted the highest degree of independence, permitted complete freedom of exchange within its walls, but levied a toll upon aliens desiring to enter its market. When a number of cities and countrysides merged into one great State centrally governed, the central government looked with jealousy upon these local tolls and ultimately caused them to disappear. It did not do so because universal freedom of exchange with all mankind was conceived of as the best economic principle, but because the conception of certain interests as alien or foreign had ceased to apply to cities within the boundary of the State, and had come to be applied only to producers and merchants foreign to the State and external to its boundaries.

The only example our race affords of a universal State—the Roman Empire—permitted what was in practice free exchange everywhere throughout the civilised world; but then Rome would not admit that any part of the civilised world was free from the political control of its central Government. In periods of history when an exactly opposite condition of society prevailed, and when small territories were jealous of their independence, the areas over which complete freedom of exchange prevailed were proportionally restricted. As, during the last three centuries, the great modern States developed, exactly the same phenomenon reappeared. The United States are an excellent example. Here is polity created by a particular instrument and at a particular date. It is a federal polity in which the largest liberty was left by its original instrument to the various units of the commonwealth. And yet no toll might be levied by any one of these units against any one of the others, and the only tariff permitted by the Constitution was a tariff levied upon the international frontiers which surrounded and contained the whole federal body. Such a tariff was permitted, existed, and, as we know, has recently rapidly developed.

In the French Monarchy, a polity of very slow growth and not created by any one instrument at any one time, the tariffs of province against province lingered long; but as the nation became one such internal tariffs were more and more suspected, and at last, when complete unity was achieved at the end of the eighteenth century, they were swept away. The consistent political plan which produced the modern German Empire worked on the same lines, and, what is interesting, economic unity in this case actually preceded political unity.

It is, then, a fixed historical law that freedom of exchange within one realm is sought after, desired, and sooner or later achieved. It is a further fixed historical law that complete freedom of exchange over the frontiers of a realm has never been thought normal, and has, perhaps, never been attempted.

Here it is well to point out that the tariff levied at the frontier of the realm may have many and varied objects. It may be levied merely as a convenient form of indirect taxation; it may be levied to affect adversely the economic life of a political rival; it may be levied to foster internal industry; or it may be levied with a moral object, such as the prevention of the consumption by the inhabitants of some foreign substance, which consumption the State regards as an evil to be checked and reduced. The tariff may be based upon one or upon all of these principles: the point is that it always exists.

The Dutch, the Belgians and the English to-day (to quote three great commercial communities each largely dependent upon international commerce, and each very wealthy through

its agency) have each adopted low tariffs, and in the case of one of them, the English, a special economic theory has been acted upon for a lifetime, by which no tariff may be raised for any purpose of fostering internal industry (though a tariff for revenue, and even to some extent framed with political objects, has been permitted).

Other countries, especially since the vast development of modern international commerce, have erected tariffs at the frontier with the special object of developing internal production, and of these the French and American republics and the German Empire are the most conspicuous and the most successful examples.

But whatever contrast we discover between the types of tariff erected at the frontiers of a State, the rule prevails to-day, as it has prevailed throughout history, that commercial exchange between the citizens of a State dwelling within its boundaries tends to be and usually is free, while foreign exchanges conducted with aliens over the frontiers of the State tends to be and always is in some way controlled, canalised and mechanically interfered with.

Now, having noted that historical phenomenon, let us see upon what economic reason it was based.

Men do not universally act in a certain fashion without some reason. The reason may not have been thought out, it may have been largely instinctive, but it must have been there; and when we seek for it we shall usually be able, if we examine closely enough, to analyse and to define it. It is not impossible to analyse and to define the reason that States have always had for erecting economic barriers on their frontiers and destroying them within.

Let us consider two owners (private individuals or corporations) possessed each of an article which has come to him either by his power of production or in any other fashion, and let the circumstances of the two owners be such that it will be of mutual advantage to them if they exchange each a portion of his goods against the other's.

A has iron ore, let us say, plenty of it; but no coal, or very little. B has coal, plenty of it; but no iron ore, or very little. Both A and B are acquainted with the use of iron, and the art by which men smelt iron, consuming for this purpose coal. One way or another, whichever of the two, A or B, goes in for smelting the iron, or even if both of them do there is a reason why they should exchange their goods; exchanging their goods will make each of them richer. If A had no coal and B no iron ore at all, and they did not exchange, the use of iron would be impossible to both. If A had a little coal and B a little iron ore, each could with great difficulty on a small scale, and therefore in insufficient amount and at a higher cost, provide himself with iron. But if there is no artificial restriction between A and B, and if each is acquainted with the other's economic advantage, full and free exchange will take place, and the maximum amount of iron producible by A and B and consumable by them will be smelted and converted to human purposes.

Now consider C, a third party. C has plenty of coal, and his coal is nearer the surface or nearer the sea, or nearer some other good means of communication, or for any other reason can be obtained by A more easily than can the coal of B. Or again, A is so much nearer C, or the communications between them are so much better, that C, if it is he who is going to smelt the iron, can give better terms in coal to A than B can. The advent of this third party, C, is obviously a bad business for B. C will command the market. The advantages that C commands compel poor B to put his coal at a lower price than he would otherwise have to do. If he wants A to take any of it he can only ask in exchange of A's iron ore as much as C is asking. If A, B, and C all belong to one political community, the attitude of the Government must be

March 11, 1911

something like this : "I am very sorry for B, but it is my business to keep order and equity between all the citizens of my State, and by allowing free exchange between A, B, and C, by forbidding B, for instance, to attack C or to shut down his collieries by force, I shall permit the creation of the maximum amount of wealth in the shape of iron of which the community is capable. B may be a little poorer in future through the advent of C into the scheme, but A, B, and C, all taken together, will have more iron, the State as a whole will be richer, and that is the only thing I have to concern myself about."

In general, the attitude of Government is this : "Free exchange *within* any given area tends to increase to a maximum the wealth produced and enjoyable within that area. I, the Government, am responsible for the well-being of a particular area, and within that area I insist upon free exchange, that the well-being of the whole may tend to its maximum and may not be restricted."

It would be a very pleasant thing, for instance, for the port of Havre if its town council had the power to pass a law that the port of Cherbourg should in future be forbidden to import goods. But the French Government cannot allow such partiality. It is not there to make Havre richer at the expense of Cherbourg, but to keep equity between the two, which are both subject to it, and to see that the maximum amount of commerce reaches all its ports in general. The East Coast route to Scotland would find it convenient no doubt were its directors permitted in their by-laws to forbid competition on the part of the West Coast route ; but the English Government does not exist for the purpose of benefiting either railway. It exists for the purpose of keeping equity and order between the two, which are both subject to it, and for seeing that the greatest amount of facile communication and all that goes with facile communication shall exist within the area which it controls.

So much for the case when C is a fellow-subject of B and of A. But now suppose C, with his special advantage in coal over B, to be an alien ; then, obviously, a totally new problem arises, and it is a misapprehension of the elements of that problem which has confused not only orthodox Free Traders, but their opponents as well, in numberless controversies.

Note first that if C is an alien the Government cannot give the reply we have just seen above : it cannot say, "I am here to hold the balance equal between A, B, and C, and my business is to see to it not that one of the three shall have an advantage, but that all three considered together shall have between them the maximum amount of wealth." If C is an alien the Government can make no such reply ; it is not the Government of the human race, it is the Government of the country of A and B. The interests of C are at the best indifferent to it, and at the worst hostile.

Let us suppose under the circumstances that B, complaining to his Government of the loss of wealth which he suffers from the competition of C, that Government makes up its mind to tax C's coal so that it comes into the country handicapped, and B is able in future to make his old terms with A. B can then go to A and say : "As long as C's coal came in free it had such advantages over mine that for every ton of coal I sent you I could only claim two measures of iron ore in place of the three which I used to be able to get before from you. But now that C is carrying a handicap the old terms are restored, and you will have to give me three measures of ore in future for my one ton of coal."

A sees that the market is as B says, and it makes him grumble. He goes to the Government and says : "Look

here ! By your action in keeping out the coal of C you have made me poorer, and at the same time you have hurt poor C, with whom I used to do trade." To this the Government must answer, if it does its duty :

"I care nothing about C. I am sorry that my consideration for the whole community, controlling as it does my care for any one section of it, has affected you adversely ; but I find that the advantage B receives under the new arrangement is superior to the disadvantage which you suffer. The total wealth producible between you is greater than it was in the days when I allowed the foreigner, C, to send in his coal without interference, and it is the total wealth that I have to look after, not the particular wealth of one of my subjects. Therefore, my dear A, though my policy compels me to make you a poorer man, as it compels me to make B a richer man, I do not do that with the object of controlling your respective fortunes, but only in order that your combined fortune, that is the total wealth of the State, may be greater than it was before. As for C, I am quite indifferent to his fate. I am not here to foster the interest of the human race, but of my subjects."

When the case is so put one might imagine that the orthodox Free Trade economist had no case against it ; but he has a case, and a strong one. His case is strong not only in theory, but in practice, for many a State has grown rapidly in wealth by admitting a freedom of exchange with the foreigner almost as untrammelled as between its own subjects.

The error of the old Free Trade school was not a general one—that existing theories and their application were not necessarily wrong ; its error lay in the affirmation it made that its theory and the application of it were universal, and this we shall proceed to show in the next article.

## EUGÈNE FROMENTIN : THE PAINTER-WRITER

BY FRANK HARRIS

How rare are the masters in two arts ! One hears much talk of the sonnets of Michelangelo, but as soon as one reads the wooden verses one realises that he was anything but a singer. Of course he was a master in sculpture as in painting ; but sculpture and painting are sister-arts almost as closely allied as prose and poetry. Da Vinci, too, took the whole field of human knowledge for his domain, but his masterpieces are all paintings, and his writings are little more than teaching of the art he had made his own. The same criticism applies to the "Discourses" of Reynolds, the letters of Poussin, and the review-articles of Delacroix ; they are all interesting ; now and then even they reveal the personality of the writer ; but they are too directly instructive to belong to literature.

Taken strictly, we have only Rossetti in England and Fromentin in France who show that it is possible for a man to do first-rate work both in letters and in painting. Of these two Rossetti was far the more richly-endowed nature, the more gifted genius ; but just because he reached greatness in both arts very easily he is not so interesting as Fromentin to the student. Fromentin is more self-conscious ; his achievement more wilful ; he deliberately defines

both arts and outlines their respective spheres ; and while as a painter he never reminds you of the man of letters, as a writer he never uses the brush instead of the pen. I cannot help thinking that Rossetti was by nature rather a painter than a writer. There is vision in him rather than thought ; the souls fleet past "The Blessed Damozel" like "thin flames." While Fromentin is rather a writer than a painter, his finest essence is of the mind, and not of the eye.

Before speaking of his work let me tell something of his life. His father, who was a doctor at La Rochelle, had lived in Paris and gone about a great deal with painters. Throughout his life he took more interest in the brush than in the lancet. But he had no idea of encouraging his son to become an artist, in spite of the youth's manifest liking for both poetry and painting. He sent young Eugène first to the College of La Rochelle, and then to Paris to study law. Eugène passed his examinations easily enough, but in 1844 (having at length won the reluctant consent of his father) he threw up the law finally, and entered the studio of Rémond, a landscape-painter of the academic type.

In 1852, when thirty-two years of age, he married, and spent a year or so in Algeria. In 1856 he published "Un Eté dans le Sahara," and in 1858 "Une Année dans le Sahel" appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Both these books troubled the higher literary circles of Paris for something more than the usual nine days. They did not belong to the school of realistic description which had been founded by Balzac and was destined to hold the field for the next half-century. They were looked upon indeed as a sort of protest against the realistic method. Balzac, like Gautier, and like Zola and Flaubert afterwards, got his effects partly by analysis and partly by using new words. First of all he detailed the features one after the other of the man or scene he wished to picture, and then strove to render the effect by some striking and uncommon word. But the eye does not act in this way ; the eye sees the whole first, an expression or an effect, and afterwards notices the particular features which combine to give the effect. In his Preface to the "Sahara" Fromentin puts the new faith clearly :—

The writing up of my travel notes (he says) a long time after the experiences, did me good service. First of all the lapse of time forced me to seek for truth rather than exactness, and a likeness instead of a copy. . . .

"Exactitude," he affirms, "is almost a negligible quality in such a work of art. Sincerity is the first requisite and then a little imagination, provided always that memory has had time to play the artist by selecting the chief incidents, and putting them in highest relief while neglecting insignificant details."

As one might expect from such a careful yet bold critic, Fromentin's two books of travel and description are masterpieces of their kind. No one has caught and rendered in words the characteristic beauty of the desert, the charm of its vast spaces of sky and plain, as perfectly as he has done. These books of his stand alone even in French descriptive writing.

About the same time Fromentin came to his own as a painter. He always regretted his want of early instruction in this art. "His craftsmanship," he used to say, "was not equal to his conceptions ;" but, as he was in love with the ideal and an indefatigable workman, his complaint appears rather to be founded in the nature of things. In point of fact his earliest successes were won as a painter ; in 1847 he showed his first picture in the Salon ; in 1849 an Algerian scene gained him a medal ; in 1853 his talent is already in full flower. In the course of the next twenty years he

produced a dozen pictures which have a place in French art. Among his best things are the "Chasse au Héron" of 1865, which was bought by the Duc D'Aumale, and his famous "Tribu en Marche dans le Tell." In the Universal Exposition of 1867 he was acclaimed as one of the masters, and several of his canvases were bought for the Luxembourg. But his field in painting, as in letters, was limited to Algeria. In vain he travelled in Italy and Egypt, and brought back scenes from Venice and views of the Nile : he stands as the painter of Algeria and the great desert. We find the same method and the same unique charm in his pictures, whether in colours or in words. The immensity of the desert, in which man is but an incident, filled Fromentin with emotion, and this genuine thrill he is able to communicate to us.

There is no seeking after rhetorical effect in his work, no trace of mannerism or trick ; in both arts he has the sincerity, the vision, the emotion of a master.

Again and again in Fromentin's life, as in his work, we are struck with proof upon proof of high intelligence. Not only does he understand the respective spheres of the two arts of painting and writing, but he knows his own powers as well, and his own limitations. He gives us two volumes of descriptive writing and not a word more ; he gives a dozen masterly pictures, and hardly a poor or mistaken canvas. Now in the full midday of his powers, at the apogee of his singular and discreet renown, he enters a new field and dares a strange adventure. In 1862 the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published his novel "Dominique." It was written at Fontainebleau in six weeks, he tells us ; but the period of gestation had been long, and the ease or difficulty of the birth is relatively unimportant. There is no trace of haste in the conception or in the writing—on the contrary, indeed. Yet "Dominique" fell flat—hardly a hint of praise anywhere.

A contemporary assures us that Fromentin used to tell how they discussed in the *Revue* whether they should go on with the publication to the end or cut it short and thus acknowledge defeat. And when published in book form "Dominique" had no better fortune. No one in the Press had a word to say in its favour, except Scherer. It had the honour of being condemned root and branch in an article by Sainte-Beuve. Was it, then, worthless or a masterpiece? Sainte-Beuve, we know, had an unhappy trick of marking his own limitations by sneering at his betters. Was "Dominique" then above his head, or had Fromentin, in spite of his high intelligence and his almost uncanny power of seeing himself from the outside, taken at length a wrong turning and misused his own talent ? I should like, of course, to proclaim a masterpiece. It hurts me even to hesitate for a moment or to appear to side with the Sainte-Beuves and the journalists against a creative spirit like Fromentin, to whom I owe many hours of exquisite and unalloyed delight. And, thank goodness, I am not compelled to in this instance. If "Dominique" is not a masterpiece, it certainly is not a failure, much less "an inept mistake." There are a couple of secondary characters in it which remain in the memory ; the love-interest in it is unique and personal ; there are descriptions of singular charm ; but—I break off because I should have to spend much ink in order to describe "Dominique" as it deserves and classify it properly. One thing, however, must be said for it : it is of capital importance to any one who wishes to understand Fromentin or measure his talent ; for he has painted himself in it to the life, giving us his temperament in "Dominique" and his character in *Augustin*. But the two halves don't make a whole : the writer has told us at once too much and too little.

I must give just one passage from his description of

Dominique, in which I feel certain Fromentin has painted himself. He notes:—

A resolute concentration of mind, and intense and prolonged observation of himself and his mental growth; the instinct to rise higher and higher careless of cost and to win self-governance while keeping the memory of every successive transformation of spirit; the passion of love and its expression in poetry and artistic aspiration, and, finally, the calm which settled down on this stormy spirit, too ambitious, perhaps, and of a certainty too devoted to impossible ideals.

"Dominique," as I have said, is Fromentin's confession, and because he is a fixed star in the firmament of French letters, it will yet be appreciated far beyond its intrinsic merit as a work of art; though to me it almost proves that had he given himself wholly to this art, Fromentin might have written a great novel.

I now come to his masterpiece. In 1874 Fromentin made a long stay in Belgium and Holland, and in '75 he published a book of criticism on the Dutch and Flemish masters under the title "Les Maîtres d'autrefois." I need say little about this book; it is the best criticism of painting and painters in any language—unique and singular; above discussion or praise; to be accepted by all with gratitude. I must just take one brick to show the wonder of the building:—

The aim of Dutch painting (he says) is to imitate reality and to make you love the imitation, by putting before you vividly simple and sincere sensations. . . . The first condition of this style is to be natural, familiar, individual; it is the result of a union of moral qualities, simplicity, patience, perfect honesty. For the first time, what one calls the domestic virtues are revealed in the practice of an art.

Did any one ever see the truth more distinctly or find for it a more vivid and perfect expression? This work of Fromentin is one of the half-dozen books which I always carry about with me and read and re-read with ever new delight. If I were called upon to mark any limitation in it, I should be inclined to say that his admiration of the great craftsman Franz Hals is excessive in comparison with his measured praise of Rembrandt. Yet, all deductions made, this is one of the few modern books which deserve the praise Thucydides gave to his own history—"a possession for ever."

### FLOWER PAINTINGS

MESSRS. BAILLIE AND GARDINER are now holding their sixth annual Exhibition of Flower Paintings at their gallery in Bruton Street. The majority of the studies are in water-colour, and the fact that these are very much more successful than the oil-pictures exhibited tends to show once again that—apart from the varying merits of individual artists—water-colour can best express the delicate beauty of flowers. There is some rich colouring in Miss Katherine Turner's pictures, and a good deal of charm in Miss Margaret Waterfield's accomplished sketches of garden-borders, &c. Mr. Francis James's swift, clear treatment must, however, be judged the most successful, if only because it adheres most closely to its medium.

In the adjoining room at this gallery Mr. Frederick Carter exhibits a series of humorous drawings and etchings—"The Italian Comedy." There is some clever and original drawing as well as some fine, delicate work in these illustrations.

## REVIEWS

### PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

*New Evidences in Psychical Research.* By J. ARTHUR HILL. (Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

If one happens to be subject to that limitation which is known as Catholic Christianity there is always one great obstacle in dealing with that modern version of necromancy which is known as Spiritualism or Spiritism. The obstacle is simply this: that necromancy in any form is forbidden by the Church. The "reason why" of this prohibition is not clear, nor, so far as the writer is aware, has it ever been authoritatively declared. Obeying the commandment, one is not tied to this reason or to that; one is not bound to agree with Father Benson's explanation—that the spirits of the séance are in fact demons seeking whom they may devour. Neither is one bound to another theory—that the spirits are really the spirits of the departed, but only of those wicked and lost persons who endeavour, by possessing themselves of a physical body, to gratify in the world of the undying the lusts of their mortality. We are not tied to any theory whatever, but as Christians we are formally commanded not to evoke the spirits of the departed.

By the way, it may be said that up to the period of the foundation of the S.P.R. the prohibition seemed most amply justified by results. Spiritualism in America and England spelt evil in various modes, beginning with folly and ending with the utter degradation of the human personality. Mrs. Browning believed that Horne's phenomena were genuine, Mr. Browning thought the man an impudent cheat; but both Mr. and Mrs. Browning were agreed that, personally, he was a fellow of the worst character. Spiritualism, in short, stood for delinquency, moral, intellectual and spiritual. It was rottenness, and, as has been said, the command of the Church was thoroughly justified.

But it must be acknowledged that from the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research the whole subject has assumed a different aspect. The new generation has approached the whole question of occult phenomena from a new standpoint. The old Spiritualists were the preachers of a sort of fanatical religion. The S.P.R. men and their friends tried, at all events, to be purely scientific, to investigate a certain group of facts with the method of Darwin and Huxley. And one cannot in fairness say that the followers of the new model have as a body exhibited any signs of decadence. How far they are justified in their research is a matter for the moral theologians. Having noted the point, we may pass on to the consideration of Mr. Hill's "New Evidences."

In brief analysis the book consists of an account of certain telepathic phenomena, of a number of "sittings with a clairvoyant," of hallucinations, automatic writing, and "cross-correspondences." It is written throughout in an entirely admirable spirit:—

Public opinion [says Mr. Hill] is slowly but surely becoming educated; is gradually realising that it is unwise to come to conclusions in a hurry; that in this very complex world there is no telling what may happen, and that therefore it is unsafe to reject a statement as being necessarily untrue just because, to our prejudiced minds, it seems absurd. It is a question of evidence; let us defer decision until sufficient evidence has been accumulated. Like Plutarch, let us sit on the fence.

Nothing could be better than this. It is equally removed from the illogical drivel of the older spiritualists, who detected deceased aunts by the dozen in the medium's bag of

conjuring apparatus, and found in the desolate blether and imbecility of so-called "inspirational" discourses the genuine and authentic voice from the seventh heaven. And, on the other hand, it is equally removed from the more deplorable attitude of the pseudo-scientists. More deplorable, because the Spiritualist, as a rule, was an ignorant person with all his intellectual furniture in a state of hopeless mal-equipment and disarray. His mind, such as it was, had in most cases been thoroughly debauched by some form of popular Protestantism, a solvent which from any high standpoint is sufficient to turn a granite rock into blanc-mange. The scientist, on the other hand, was at least educated in the technical sense of the word, if not in the real sense, and though Coventry Patmore declared that physical science, pursued as most pursue it, was as blinding to the eyes of the soul as a course of the most determined profligacy, it is yet extraordinary that any well-educated person should declare that "to talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense." This extraordinary dictum is cited by Mr. Hill from a work by Mr. Frederic Harrison, oddly entitled "Philosophy of Common Sense."

The author of "New Evidences in Psychical Research" sits on the fence then, and surveys the field before him. In the first place, he will have nothing—or next to nothing—to say to "the physical phenomena of Spiritualism"—raps, movement of objects without contact, touches by "spirit-hands," materialisations, "apports," and the like. He is too philosophic to declare that these things can't happen, but, as he says, "the possibilities of conjuring" are great, and the cleverest layman is unwise to measure his capacity for detecting against the medium's capacity for deceiving. But Mr. Hill is inclined to lay considerable stress on a series of sittings with a "clairvoyant" medium named Watson; he is, on the whole, ready to believe that the series of communications which he relates do establish the fact that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living.

It would be impossible to analyse these Watson séances here; space would not allow of it. So, without arguing the question, the writer must be content to say that, bringing an open mind to the narrative, he is by no means satisfied with the author's tentative conclusion. Avoiding detail, and speaking on general grounds, it appears that in no single instance was there a communication received through Watson which transcended the knowledge, conscious or sub-conscious, of those present. In another chapter Mr. Hill, speaking of an instance of telepathic automatic writing, confesses that "this kind of thing makes it very difficult to exclude a mind-reading hypothesis in cases of alleged spirit messages even of an evidential character." Exactly; and on the great and sound principle of *neu deus intereat* it seems wiser to regard the Watson communications as an interesting series of mind-tappings. The fact is that telepathy—mind-tapping—which may be regarded as proven, is at once a great and most important discovery, and a formidable obstacle in psychical research. How are we to be scientifically convinced that any communication whatever is not a case of mind-tapping? If the experiment be made in thought it will be seen that it is difficult to conceive a message that would utterly exclude the agency of the living. And in the crucial and test case described in the chapters on cross-correspondences the experiment was an utter failure.

"Mrs. Verrall's script insisted that a passage from the 'Symposium' was enclosed in a sealed envelope which had been left with Sir Oliver Lodge by Mr. Myers." The envelope was opened; it contained nothing of the kind. On the whole, then, in spite of many interesting and curious bits of evidence, there is nothing in the Watson chapters which amounts to proof of communication from the dead to

the living. But there is a singular tale under the heading "Hallucinations," which really comes very near to proof, though, oddly enough, Mr. Hill considers that "its evidential strength is not very great." Here (with necessary omissions) is the story:—

A few years ago . . . Miss Smith was staying with her sister in the house of Mrs. Jones, in a tiny Northern village. One evening a messenger brought the information that Miss Smith's brother Tom, whose business was in a town a few miles away, had been hurt; but in his occupation slight accidents are common, and the girls were not alarmed. They retired for the night soon after nine o'clock. Just as the sister was getting into bed, and before Miss Smith had finished undressing, both of them heard a succession of sounds as of heavy blows struck on the wall. The part of the wall on which they occurred was an out-wall . . . and the outside of that part could be seen by looking out of the open window; further, the month being June, there was light enough not only to see, but also to recognise any human being or living thing big enough to cause the sounds. The sisters looked out . . . but nothing was discovered . . . the knocking continued until three o'clock in the morning, causing great terror. (The fright and the general tension brought on in Miss Smith's case an attack of brain-fever, though she is one of the calmest and most unemotional women I have ever known.) Early in the morning a messenger brought the news that Tom Smith had died at 8.45 the previous night—about twenty or twenty-five minutes before the noises began. A curious feature of the sounds was that they were not audible in the other rooms, though in this one room they seemed loud enough to be heard all over the house.

There is one point that we would have liked more clearly stated: did Mrs. Jones (who was called in by the two girls) hear the noise, or did she not? This apart, the story strikes one as most important. The objection that Miss Smith had heard earlier in the evening that her brother was hurt, and that, in spite of the commonness of slight accidents in his business, there may well have been a lurking anxiety in her mind predisposing to auto-hallucination, would have been formidable if the form of Tom Smith had appeared to Miss Smith, or if she had heard his voice calling her. But, using all caution, it is not credible that vague anxiety should translate itself into the wholly incongruous form of heavy knocks upon a wall; this objection, therefore, falls to the ground.

We have to note, then, that these sounds were heard about twenty minutes before the man died, and that they continued for more than six hours after his death. Then, again, the impression they made, taken in conjunction with the fatal news of the next morning, was so strong that one of the sisters was frightened into a brain-fever. It would seem, on the face of it, that a stranger proof of post-mortem existence and activity could hardly be demanded. The knocking sounds, though making a sensible impression, were not produced by sensible means. If they were not in some way or another the work of the dead personality called Tom Smith, whose work were they?

## LADY HOLLAND IN SPAIN

*The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland.* Edited by the EARL OF ILCHESTER. (Longmans, Green and Co. 15s. net.)

THE impressions of private travellers, as they pass from city to city of a strange land, are often of more value—and occasionally of more interest—than the impressions gained by those who view affairs from high official positions.

Ambassadors and diplomats are apt to be somewhat isolated; their pinnacle of observation gives them an extensive field of vision, but they rarely rub shoulders, as it were, with the crowd, or take stock of a country's peculiar and intimate characteristics. Lord and Lady Holland, wandering through Spain in the troublous years immediately preceding the Peninsular War, were travelling for their own pleasure entirely, and the first half of this volume gives many fascinating glimpses of the Spain of the early nineteenth century. Lady Holland kept an intermittent account of journeys, events, and people, and her comments often betray her as the possessor of a keenly observant and humorous mind. Of the Marquis of Blondel, for instance, she remarks on November 25th, 1802:—

The old veteran has taken a young wife who is reckoned a strange, whimsical lady, wearing *ostensibly* the breeches she of course wears metaphorically, as such merit and ought to be the fate of those who enter into disproportionate marriages.

Dec. 1st.—Went to Barcelona. Evening, returned the visit to my singular neighbour; found her noisy, positive, vulgar, and not pretty, but with enough of youth and beauty (tho' the portion of each is slender, as she is the mother of an officer of 25) to captivate her *mari octogénaire*.

The objection of the Spaniards to foreign costume gave Lady Holland considerable inconvenience until she assumed as nearly as possible the national dress. She experienced what she "could never have believed otherwise—the extreme derision and scorn with which a woman is treated who does not conform to the Spanish mode of dressing. . . . Walking the streets was out of the question, not only from the danger of being exposed to meet a carriage in the streets, but from the certainty of being insulted owing to the dress." This was at Barcelona; at Valencia she wrote, on December 29th of the same year: "The intolerance of the Spaniards for those who do not conform to their costume makes it not only unpleasant but positively unsafe for a woman to appear without the *basquiña* and *mantilla*, a dress thoroughly inconvenient for the strong light of this glorious sun, the eyes being exposed to all its power."

Minor worries, rather than actual dangers, seem to have been the lot of the travellers—"wretched gipsy *posadas* and robbers in the shape of smugglers," who practically forced their victims to buy articles and contraband commodities at exorbitant prices. On April 5th, 1803, we find the entry: "Dined at Venta del Rey, a spacious and princely fabric; 600 horses, mules, &c., can be accommodated in the stables. The rooms are good, but there, as in all Spanish inns, when asked what they have to eat, the answer is, 'What yourselves have brought.'" Approaching Granada, "in the midst of a deep slough the coach broke in several parts; the whole road most abominably rugged." At the close of a quite poetical description of the view from her window in this far-famed city Lady Holland drops into prose in startling fashion:—

Our house is situated at the extremity of the town, on the banks of ye Darro. Opposite to my window I see the fortress and palace of the Alhambra, which is placed upon a steep hill, the sides of which are covered with delightful trees, now putting forth their luxuriant foliage. The moon shone very bright, and just after the *Angelus*, being near the cathedral, I could not resist going into it. The feeble rays from the lamps burning before the altars made the building appear magnificent. Got the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella well cleared of the cobwebs, that I might distinguish their features.

The artistic and the practical temperaments evidently were mingled in the case of Lady Holland—a notion which is supported by the extraordinary story Lord Ilchester gives

in his Preface of the clever deception by which she persuaded Sir George Webster of the death of her daughter Harriet.

Of the theatrical art of Spain Lady Holland held a poor opinion, justified apparently by the specimens of it which she witnessed. At Valencia she says that "the theatre is, to a degree, a resource, as it is frequented by the most fashionable ladies, but I can scarcely add that it is much of an amusement:"—

The prompter sits as in France—in the centre of the lamps—but it is not an exaggeration to say that he speaks *louder* than the performers. The actors are so indifferent to their art that they hardly endeavour to learn their part; therefore in addition to the prompter in front, one on each side of the scene stands with a book and a candle, by which means the performers never act to each other, always towards the prompter.

At Carthagena the subject of a play was English, and the chief character was a "Lord Roast-beef"! Some compensation for these enormities was probably afforded by an opportunity of seeing "Macbeth" in Spanish at Madrid, on November 23rd, 1803—although even then Lady Macbeth was represented with a son of six years old, "introduced for no other purpose than that of enabling her to run upon the stage with bloody hands, fresh from murdering him in his bed"! So can the art of one country be distorted for the pleasure of another.

The bull-fights, of which Lady Holland witnessed several, occasioned her utter disgust, yet she talks of Ximenes, the famous matador, and his "noble calling," in a way which rather puzzles the reader. Apart from the customs of the country, she met many famous people, among them Pellicer, the King's librarian and editor of "Don Quixote," and Mouravieff, who translated "The School for Scandal" into French. William Pinkney, American Minister to Madrid, who talked of the dispute between Spain and the United States "as he would of a difference between two of his neighbours," became quite a friend. He was quite as "cute" as a modern Yankee, for, when his tailor sued him for a debt, he argued: "The King of Spain owes the United States a considerable sum of money. I do the business of my Government here; it is therefore but fair that Soler, as the King's cashier, should pay this bill, and I will account with Madison when I get across the Atlantic."

We must leave any detailed discussion of the second portion of the book, which deals almost entirely with the early period of the Peninsular War; students of the European history of those exciting times will find it extremely interesting and valuable as a sidelight on the great struggle. Before concluding, however, we may quote a short paragraph from the diary, dated December 21st, 1803, which shows Lady Holland as a by no means negligible literary critic:—

21st.—Mouravieff, Lambert, and Falck dined. Received in the morning a small box, brought by Mr. Hunter from Lisbon, containing "Cowper's Life," by Hayley, and "Lady M. Wortley Montagu's Letters," published by permission from the family papers in Lord Bute's possession. The whole novelty are a couple of volumes of her correspondence with her husband and daughter. There is in the first (whilst lovers) on her part a mixture of cold reasoning and forward importunity that renders his hesitation far from surprising, but the vanity of possessing such a wit probably decided him. I devour it with the same eagerness one feels about a new and interesting novel, with this difference, that the novel excites curiosity merely for the story, whereas Lady Mary's wit and sarcasm form its excellence, and novelty makes one pause to admire its justness. Her picture, or rather view of human life, is not flattering but faithful.

The Earl of Ilchester, as editor, has aided his readers considerably by judicious arrangement, modification of the

original spelling and punctuation, and by rendering uniform the Spanish names. A map of Spain and Portugal enables the student to keep track of the various journeys easily, the route being lined in red and blue inks, and a full-length portrait of Lady Holland in fancy dress as a "Virgin of the Sun," by Romney, reproduced by permission of Lord Iveagh, forms a striking frontispiece.

## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

*Across the Roof of the World: a Record of Sport and Travel through Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza, The Pamirs, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia.* By LIEUT. P. T. ETHERTON, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 16s. net.)

THE compressed account of his travels, in 1909, from British India to the Siberian Railway near Tomsk, given by Lieut. Etherton before a select audience at the Royal United Service Institution in November, has been quickly followed by this interesting volume, recording his experiences in complete detail. Lieut. Etherton's object was to travel through Hunza and the Pamirs, across Chinese Turkestan, to the Siberian Railway, and, incidentally, to enjoy sport in the Mian Shan and Altai ranges—happy hunting-ground that of late years have become accessible to sportsmen.

Starting from his regimental cantonment in Gurwhal on March 15th, Lieut. Etherton, accompanied by his faithful orderly, Giyan Singh, travelled by the ordinary tourist and sportsman's route through Kashmir to Gilgit, where his last preparations were made for crossing the Indian frontier. To those who have never seen the Himalayas it may give some idea of the gigantic barrier that cuts off India from Central Asia to learn that in order to reach this jumping-off point occupied nearly a month's hard travelling. Leaving Gilgit, the traveller's route lay through Hunza, a *terra incognita* twenty-five years ago, but now brought within the circle of British Indian influence. The dark and precipitous gorges north and south of Hunza are well illustrated by the author's photographs, and explain how it was that for centuries Hunza has been a robber fastness bidding defiance to the outside world. The place of the old barbarous robber Mirs of Hunza is now occupied by an obliging and helpful Hindustani-speaking Mir, who gave all necessary assistance.

Nearly a month was spent on the Taghoumbash Pamir in pursuit of the great wild sheep, named after Marco Polo. Game was scarce and the weather abominable, so our traveller set his face for the plains of Chinese Turkestan. He now found himself committed to an extraordinarily difficult route, almost unknown, and at what is probably the worst season of the year to traverse such a country. Crossing the Illi-su Pass, 16,950ft., he soon discovered that what looks easy on the map is no guide in practical travelling at great elevations. Every day as the sun gathered power the melted snow came down and transformed the streams into impassable torrents. "No creature, animal or otherwise, could have lived in that boiling torrent, roaring and rushing through the gloomy canyons, and striking terror into the hearts of my Kirghiz, whose dismay was intense when I expressed an intention to try it." The Rashum Valley, as the head of the Yarkund River valley is called, is hard to get into, and harder still to get out of. Lieut. Etherton was therefore obliged to take to the mountains again, and cross two difficult passes before he at last reached the plain country. The Lotchkor Pass cost the author sixteen hours' hard walking with the loss of a baggage-yak,

while his camp did not arrive till the following morning. A sudden storm might have cost the whole party their lives.

In Yarkund and Kashghar he was hospitably received and entertained by the Chinese officials; one feast given in his honour by the Amban of Yarkund being apparently more formidable than the Lotchkor Pass. The entertainment commenced at one o'clock in the day, with two courses; but the serious business did not begin till two hours later, when a perfect orgy of eating and drinking set in, and lasted for over three hours. After working through twenty-five courses it is not wonderful that the guest lost count of the dishes, especially as the liquid refreshment was strictly limited to Chinese brandy served hot. "Some strange tricks were played . . . one of them being to hand round a lighted match stuck in the end of a matchbox, and the unfortunate guest in whose hand it goes out has to quaff more brandy, the result in some cases being highly exciting." No doubt. From Kashghar the Lieutenant made his way through Ahsu and Kuchar to the grassy plains of the Yuldnaz valley. The great heat and the distance still to be traversed doubtless prevented him from trying for a tiger in the reedy swamps of the great plain he passed through after leaving Maralbashi. In 1873 some of Sir Douglas Forsyth's party enjoyed royal sport here, hawking gazelles, wolves, and foxes with the golden eagle. By the middle of August our traveller reached his shooting-ground in the Mian Shan ranges, and the next ten weeks were spent in hunting.

It is a characteristic of mountain sport that, although it lacks the profusion and variety of game animals to be found in the plains say of Africa, it is generally of the highest quality; and this may be said to hold good of the Mian Shan country in an exceptional degree. Our sportsman found ibex in numbers that sound almost incredible to those who have only hunted them in the Himalayas, and the account of the large heads he obtained would make the most experienced shikari's mouth water. The first three pair of ibex horns shot by Lieut. Etherton measured 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 48 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches respectively, and a pair measuring 55 inches was procured later. Many a good Kashmir sportsman toils for several seasons without getting a pair equal to the smallest of these. The ibex-ground in the Mian Shan is apparently much easier to work over than that in the Himalayas, and the sportsman has the inestimable advantage of being able to pitch a permanent camp quite close to the stalking-ground. Here also is the home of the great Asiatic wapiti, one of the handsomest of the red-deer tribe, and Lieut. Etherton secured many grand heads. No finer mountain sporting-ground can be imagined than the Mian Shan country, with its wapiti, ibex, roedeer, wild boar, and bears, together with the wild sheep that are called *Ovis Karelini*. With the exception of an adventure with two bears that promised for one moment to have a tragic termination, the stalking and forest work presented no striking incidents. The opinion is suggested that, owing to the high price given by the Chinese for stags' horns in velvet, for medicinal uses, the herds of the wapiti are likely to be seriously diminished in future. It is open to question whether the numbers of any polygamous animal can be diminished so long as only males are killed. The extermination of game is more generally due to increase of local population and the use of improved firearms by native pot-hunters, who spare neither age nor sex, even in the breeding season.

From the Mian Shan Lieut. Etherton pursued his way north to Kulja, with the intention of reaching the Altai range. But winter was coming on, and the suffering of the whole party from the intense cold and the bitter winds that swept the Mongolian plains showed the hopelessness of the attempt. Passing Lake Ebi Nor a herd of wild horses was sighted, at too great a distance to do more than verify their existence.

Named after the Russian explorer Prejevalsky, who was the first to publish an account of them, they are now supposed to be the produce of domestic animals run wild. Abandoning all further attempts at shooting, the travellers made for the Russian frontier, realising when it was almost too late that "the journey had now reached a stage where it was no longer a matter of keeping warm, but a question of keeping alive." Owing to the intense cold and the terrible winds, the sufferings of the whole party at this stage became as great as anything experienced by Arctic explorers, and nothing but Lieut. Etherton's resolution in driving the party on in search of shelter prevented them from succumbing to cold and misery. It is evident that when they at last struggled in to the Russian outpost at Zaisau on January 8th, suffering from cruel frostbites, the limit of human endurance had been nearly reached. At Zaisau, a month's nursing and unstinted hospitality on the part of his Russian hosts restored Lieut. Etherton and his orderly sufficiently to allow of their continuing the journey. There still lay before them 800 miles before the railway could be reached; but under the excellent posting arrangements established everywhere in the Czar's dominions this part of the journey was performed in comparative comfort, and the long trek of 4,000 miles brought to an end at Novo Nicholaefsk. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs, and has a map.

So much has been written about the countries traversed since Shaw, Hayward, Ney Elias, Prejevalsky Rheintal, Semenof, and others wrote of them some thirty years ago that there is nothing new to be related by a casual traveller; but it is impossible not to be struck with the absolute security enjoyed by Lieut. Etherton during his whole journey among a nomad population, to whom his money and weapons must have presented great attractions. Kunjatis, Kirghiz, Kalmucks, Chinese Kazzaks, Mongols, and Sarts greeted him at all times with a hearty goodwill and ready assistance that smoothed away all difficulties. The mere withholding of baggage-animals and guides would have made his journey impossible; but not a single day's delay was caused on this account. The opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway is destined to make as great changes in these little-known countries as has been wrought by the Canadian Pacific Railway in North America. The extension of branch lines will in time give ready access to the Altai and Mian Shan mountains; but many years, it is to be hoped, must still elapse before the game that is now plentiful becomes too scarce to tempt the adventurous sportsman, and before the unsophisticated Tartar learns to view the stranger with suspicion, instead of yielding him cheery assistance as at present.

### THE SONGS OF OUR ANCESTORS

*English Melodies from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century.* One Hundred Songs, Edited, with an Introduction and Historical Notes, by VINCENT JACKSON. With Decorations by HERBERT COLE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

"MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast," and "the sound along the marching street of drum and fife" will, till the crack of doom, ever inspire patriots to perform deeds of derring-do for the land that gave them birth; but we must not forget that music is also "the food of love," though perhaps not so substantial as bread and cheese and kisses in a cottage with three acres and a cow. In this collection of English Melodies, representative of five hundred years of our national minstrelsy, Mr. Vincent Jackson has gathered together some of the best of those virile words and

inspiriting tunes which are the backbone of our nation. Where would our history be if it were not for the bards of days of yore and their successors? "Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away;" and, so far as he is concerned, the famous Julius has been but a pawn in the game of recording history. True, he tells us how, when he first stepped on these shores, he found us, in his estimation, a race of savages with, more or less, "nothings on" and our bodies stained with "the juice of a plant called woad." But the aborigines of these islands could already boast of a history, familiar to the Phoenicians, which dated from long before Cæsar's time, and which was kept alive before and after by our bards.

These ancient legends savour very much, no doubt, of the mythical, so, instead of going back to the days of the Druids (and he might have found it very difficult to do so), Mr. Jackson, ignoring also the song of Taillefer at Senlac and the later Anglo-Norman minstrelsy, makes a start with the well-known rondeau in praise of the cuckoo—"Sumer is icumen in," written a century before Chaucer, which offers an almost unique example of the English tongue slowly emerging to definite poetical utterance. It is interesting to note how many of the old songs and melodies given in this volume are still popular to-day, and will in all probability continue to be so as long as the language lasts. Take, for instance, the evergreen and ever welcome "Sally in our Alley," which was written close upon two hundred years ago. Some of the airs are taken from the famous and priceless "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" (*circa* 1550-1620), notably, "Fortune my Foe," one of the most notorious hanging tunes, for, though beautiful and quite innocent in itself, it had the unique if unenviable reputation of being sung at public executions. As Rowley says in his "Noble Soldier":—

The King, shall I be bitter 'gainst the King?  
I shall have scurvy ballads made of me,  
Sung to the Hanging tune.

And again in the "Penitent Traitor":—

Sung to that preaching tune, "Fortune my Foe."

Mr. Jackson's selection is a fairly representative one. He gives us songs of love, songs of war, domestic, political, and patriotic songs, which are all representative of the five centuries of our national life which his compilation covers. We are disappointed, however, that he does not give us a single example of Shirley's verse. Surely the Restoration dramatist's noblest lyric—"the fine song which old Bowman used to sing to King Charles"—entitled "Death's Final Conquest," should have found a place in this volume. It was set to music by Edward Coleman, and is said to have been a favourite of the Merry Monarch. He was, perhaps, thinking of it when he apologised for being so long a-dying. We will quote the first verse, but there are two others equally as good:—

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

One of Shirley's best songs, written at the time of the restoration of Charles II., begins:—

Ye virgins that did late despair  
To keep your wealth from cruel men,  
Tie up in silk your careless hair,  
Soft peace is come again.

Now lovers' eyes may gently shoot  
A modest flame that will not kill;  
The drum was angry, but the lute  
Shall whisper what you will.

It does not, however, figure in this compilation; and we also miss the anonymous "When this Old Cap was New," a black-letter copy of which is to be found among the "Roxburgh Songs and Ballads." Ritson says it was "sung to an olden tune, entitled 'I'll nere be drunk again.'"

Nevertheless, Mr. Jackson has presented us with a very welcome volume, which will bring joy to the hearts of all lovers of old English melodies. Not the least interesting part is his scholarly historical introduction, and the value of the book is further enhanced by many opportune and elucidatory notes. A word of praise must also be bestowed on the appropriate decorations by Mr. Herbert Cole.

### SOME TUTORIAL SERIES

*English History.* Illustrated. From the Earliest Times to 1066. By SARA MELHUISH. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.)

*Roman Britain.* By EDWARD CONYBEARE. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

*The Story of England.* Parts I. and II. By W. S. ROBINSON. (Rivingtons. 2s. each.)

*Junior British History Notes.* By WILLIAM EDWARDS. (Rivingtons. 2s. net.)

*Black's Literary Readers.* Book V. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

*Great Britain and Ireland.* By J. B. REYNOLDS. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

*The British Isles.* Geographical Diagrams and Land Forms. By H. J. SNAPE. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

*A Class-book of Chemistry.* By G. C. DONINGTON. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

*Elementary Algebra Exercises.* Book II. By A. E. LAYNG. (Blackie and Son. 2s.)

It would appear that the publishers who were most anxious to cater for the entertainment of the children at Christmas have now set themselves the task of providing for the intellectual advancement of the young people. Hence we have before us ten small volumes dealing with several of the subjects included in the curriculum of the majority of schools.

We cannot say that we are altogether in favour of the history-book by Sara Melhuish, which is intended, we are told, to supplement and not supersede a good text-book. It consists mostly of extracts from books such as Asser's "Life of Alfred," the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." The archaic English of these volumes has, of course, in the majority of cases been revised and brought up to date, but, on the whole, we think we prefer a book which, although probably compiled from these sources, is presented to the student in the ordinary narrative form, especially when it is necessary, as in the present instance, to append a footnote often as long as or longer than the passage itself in explanation of what is contained in the extract.

In "Roman Britain" we have a new edition of Mr. Conybeare's book, which was previously published in 1903. To

include in so small a volume such a mass of material as is available for a subject of this kind is no easy matter. Each division is dealt with in a way calculated to convey the actual facts as far as they are known in a readable and pleasant sketch of the growth and decay of Roman influence in Britain, and Mr. Conybeare is to be congratulated upon the concise and clear manner in which he has accomplished his task.

"The Story of England," although not intended for the absolute beginner, is written with a view to interest the youth of junior forms in the account of the fortunes of their country. Mr. Robinson has successfully grasped the difficulty of sustaining a child's attention while it is assimilating the necessary facts relating to the subject in hand, and has endeavoured, as he himself puts it, to make history a really living story. Great stress is laid upon the social life of the times, and the results upon the mass of the people of the various changes of rulers and alterations or modifications of laws. We understand that Parts III. and IV. are in preparation, which will bring the series up to and including the year 1910.

Another very useful little book issued by Messrs. Rivington is Part IV. of "Junior British History Notes," which deals with the period 1783-1901. These books must prove of great value to students and teachers, and are most handy to refer to when reading a more detailed account of any particular period. We think it is a pity, however, that sufficient care is not taken to see that they are issued without any subsequent errata being necessary. We have not read the whole of the present text-book, but we notice that for Parts I., II., and III. six errata have been made, as well as a correction in "Notes on British History" by the same author. The mistakes are simple and silly, and evidently have occurred through carelessness and not from lack of knowledge.

Book V. of "Black's Literary Readers" contains various exercises in prose and verse, several of which are extracts from such authors as Sir Walter Scott, Charles Reade, Longfellow, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Dickens, while a good many have been specially written for Messrs. Black's series of books. We do not think that the selection is the best that could have been made; in fact, we are inclined to the opinion that a book containing a story by a good author is far more interesting to and instructive for a child than any amount of selected pieces. But if done in the extract form surely it would have been better to have the "Spellings and Meanings" at the head of the chapter to which they refer instead of all together at the end.

"Great Britain and Ireland" and "The British Isles," both of which are issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black, contain several identical illustrations, but here the difference ceases, as the former book is intended as an elementary study of regional geography, while the latter deals with more advanced theories. Both books are well compiled and the information is set out in a pleasing and attractive form.

Only two books now remain to claim our attention—namely, "A Class-book of Chemistry" and "Elementary Algebra Exercises." In his book on chemistry Mr. G. C. Donington has combined a practical course of instruction with a theoretical and descriptive text which is a somewhat original method of arrangement, and one which must prove to be of great utility to students entering upon Matriculation and other examinations. The illustrations are numerous and clear, many of them having been drawn especially for the present book. Mr. Layng's "Text-book of Elementary Algebra" consists of no less than 500 exercises to which the answers are also given. Those who were familiar with Book I. will find that Book II. in no way falls short of the earlier work.

## ORIENTAL QUOTATIONS

*A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations. (Arabic and Persian.)*  
By CLAUD FIELD, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.  
7s. 6d.)

We have here another, apparently the twelfth, volume of the useful Reference Series in course of publication by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., which ought to be found complete in every public library and many private houses. The volumes are avowedly dictionaries, principally of quotations, but also of famous sayings, historical allusions, Indian biography, &c., which may be required at any moment. It might be objected that there is no demand for a dictionary of Arabic and Persian sayings. The reply is that the sayings, often proverbial, indicate and reflect the literature and character of a nation. England is always concerned with Oriental races, including Arabs and Persians : the study of their character is essential to success in dealing with them. They are slow in action compared with those of the West, but they are mentally active, and their contemplation is profound ; it would be difficult to surpass Oriental nations either in the fervour of their faiths or in the depths of their philosophies.

The sayings of this collection are the expressions of Oriental beliefs and practical philosophies. They cannot all be called proverbs, for their length in many cases deprives them of the epigrammatical crispness of a proverb. They read sometimes as commonplace truisms ; it is impossible that they should all be illuminated with originality ; the original sayings of the world have long since been exhausted. Any one who has some knowledge of Persian and Arabic cannot help seeing that the force of Oriental languages has lost in the translation, both from the prose and the poetry, just as Virgil and Horace lose in the process. Who can translate adequately *Sunt lachryma rerum?* or *Splendide mendax?* So, too, the Oriental saying, dependent for its force on the collocation of words, or an alliteration, or a pun, loses its flavour in the English version. To any one writing a book about the East who wants a sententious motto for each chapter this book will be simply invaluable. He will find it teems with good things sorted to his hand, for the Index is full and well arranged. The list of eighty-seven authors consulted shows that the selection has been widely made, and among the translators appear the names of many of the best Oriental scholars, past and present.

We must be content with only a few specimens taken at random. Professor Margoliouth has the following from the Arabic :—

Little use is wealth to a man when his throat rattles and the breath leaves his chest.

God protect us from attending concerts and music.

We only put on airs before strangers, not before relations, and before new friends, not before those of old standing.

While Sir Charles Lyall is responsible for :—

If a man be old and a fool, his folly is past all cure,  
But a young man may yet grow wise and cast off his foolishness.

The Persian sayings are lighter, as might be expected :—

Though many a rose in this garden is born,  
No mortal who culls one escapes from the thorn.

Oft have they laid the vigorous 'neath the clay,  
While the sore wounded have revived at last.

What the Unseen sends us cannot have defect.  
Am I united with my friend in heart,  
What matters if our place be wide apart?

Prize not at all life that has passed without love,  
Love is the water of life : receive it in thy heart and soul.

And we might go on selecting and presenting extracts *ad infinitum*. This reference book should attract the notice of others besides scholars.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Les Maîtres de l'Art: Donatello.* By PROFESSOR E. BERTAUX.  
(Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.)

PROFESSOR BERTAUX has presented us with an interesting and valuable study of the art of the famous Florentine sculptor who was one of the precursors of Michael Angelo. Very few examples of Donatello's work can be found in England, and they are relatively unimportant, and only two English writers, Lord Balcarres and Mr. Hope Rea, have devoted books to the realist master of the fifteenth century. The Germans, however, rediscovered Donatello forty years ago, and since then the output of their works concerning him has never ceased, as will be seen by the exhaustive bibliography which is included in the volume we are noticing. Italy, moreover, now rightly holds Donatello in far greater honour than formerly, and he well deserved a place in the admirable series of *Les Maîtres de l'Art* which Messrs. Plon are issuing, under the patronage of the French Ministry of Education and Fine Arts.

There is a particular reason, a sentimental one it is true, why Donatello should appeal to Englishmen. He was one of the very first sculptors to glorify our national patron—St. George. Those who have seen the famous statue, now in the Bargello Museum at Florence, will recognise in it a right worshipful presentation of a most Christian knight, a figure of ideal manly beauty which, in more than one respect, recalls the art of Greece. So famous was that statue in olden days that when the girls of Tuscany wished to commend the looks of some particularly handsome young man, they would remark, "He resembles Donatello's St. George." But the sculptor's art was a many-sided one, and there could be no more striking contrast to his St. George than those wonderfully realistic types of human ugliness, his "Popolano" and his "Zuccone," or his carving of the repentant Magdalene, whom he pourtrayed in her old age, withered and almost mummified. Admirable, too, though in another sense, is Donatello's equestrian statue of the Condottiere Gattamelata at Padua, which in its quiet, stately vigour seems to be far more true to life than the famous but theatrical Colleone of Venice.

Professor Bertaux's work is deserving of great praise. He follows Donatello's career step by step, examining in turn all his principal productions. A list of them showing where they are to be seen (they are, of course, mostly in Italy) is given in an Appendix, and there are four-and-twenty plates depicting the more famous examples of Donatello's art.

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*Catalonia and the Balearic Isles. An Historical and Descriptive Account.* By ALBERT F. CALVERT. With 250 Plates. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. ALBERT CALVERT is certainly the leading and the most prolific of the popular authorities on Spain of to-day, and so accustomed are we to him that the lapse of six months without the appearance of a new book from his pen on some Spanish subject would inevitably lead to inquiry and concern. He is at present engaged in editing "The Spanish Series," the latest of which bears the above title. When one states that of the 363 pages to which the book extends 256 are occupied by photographs the nature of the present volume will be obvious. Both to the author and to the reader the graphic is apparently of far more importance than the literary art. The volume is apparently intended for the reader who has little time to read and perhaps less

inclination, but who nevertheless wishes to know something of the subject with which the author treats.

In fact it is a readable introduction to Catalonia and the Balearic Isles suitable for the superficial tourist who is anxious to be able, when he returns to England, to tell his friends something of what he has seen or ought to have seen, but who, however, thinks that he has no time to waste in acquiring the information on which he wishes to pose as an authority. It might be termed an elementary guide-book of an eminently readable character. The difference between the Catalans and the other inhabitants of the Peninsula is obvious to the most cursory observer, and it has been compared to the difference between the Welsh and the English or the Bretons and the French, and attributed to a similar cause. Mr. Calvert, however, points out that this view is quite incorrect. Racially the Catalans are Spaniards just as are their neighbours. The difference between them and the inhabitants of the other provinces of the kingdom is due to historical and geographical causes. It is to be regretted that in his historical account of the Balearic Isles Mr. Calvert makes no mention of the English occupation. That would have enhanced materially the interest of the book to English readers. An index also would have increased its value.

*Letters and Sketches from Northern Nigeria.* By MARTIN S. KISCH, Assistant-Resident. With an Introduction by SIR PERCY GIROUARD. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

DEATH, no matter when it comes, is always a form of tragedy; but when it comes in time of youth, at the opening of a career full of promise, it is also pathetic. Those into whose hands the present volume falls, even though the name Martin Kisch had hitherto been unknown, cannot fail to be saddened on behalf of the bright young life so suddenly and prematurely cut off, whose monument this volume forms. Martin Kisch was born in 1884. He arrived in Northern Nigeria, in order to take his share in the government of that region, towards the end of 1908. Before the close of the following February he was dead. The Empire demands her toll of her servants in distant climes, but to most it is given to attempt something, and perhaps to achieve it. To Martin Kisch not even this satisfaction was granted. Nevertheless, during the few months which he spent in West Africa he secured the admiration, the affection, and the respect of all with whom he was brought into contact, and to those whom his loss affects closely the words of the Governor of the Protectorate, Sir Percy Girouard, which appear as a Preface to the volume, must indeed give some consolation, although a sad one:—

My personal acquaintance with him and his work was brief, but of sufficient duration to predict a brilliant future had he been spared. His early mastery of languages, his unfailing good humour and *camaraderie*, and his high mental gifts would have placed him anywhere in the Nigerian Service. . . . The young officer's name can be placed upon the roll of men given up by British mothers, wives, and loved ones to the service of their country.

The book is made up of the letters—natural, unpremeditated, full of freshness and charm, and permeated with a keen sense of humour—which young Kisch sent home from the day on which he left Liverpool. Mere personal domestic letters, their contents are slight, and go more to picture the character of the writer than of the country and the people to whom he had been sent. Nevertheless, there is much to be found in these letters which should prove useful to those who will follow in his footsteps. Through them all shines the zest which youth alone can give. The volume is plentifully illustrated by means of both photographs and

pen-and-ink sketches, for the author was an artist as well as an administrator. Its value is increased by an Appendix, giving an account of the history of the region and a bibliography of the literature dealing with it. In addition, there are maps of Northern Nigeria and also of North Africa.

*An Introduction to the History of the Assyrian Church, or the Church of the Sasanid Persian Empire.* 100-640 A.D. By W. A. WIGRAM, M.A., D.D. (S.P.C.K. 5s.)

THE subject of the Nestorian Christians has not been overwritten, and a work on this topic by Dr. Wigram, who writes from intimate knowledge, is therefore welcome. The author does not touch upon the interesting subject of the origin of the Nestorians. He devotes his attention to their history as a religious sect, declining the use of the term Nestorians and substituting for it Assyrian Church in preference to Easterns, Persians, Syrians, Chaldeans, or any other alternative. The difficulties under which the book was written can be understood when we are reminded that, apart from the necessarily limited library within his own home, Dr. Wigram had sometimes to wait almost three months before he could obtain a copy of some book which he wished to consult. Despite these drawbacks, the author has achieved his purpose and has provided an introduction to the history of the Church in which he is so deeply interested.

The Nestorians, who still retain their ancestral faith unalloyed, live for the most part intermingled among the Mahomedan Kurds, to whom they bear a considerable resemblance, not only physical, but also intellectual. To a still less extent there are to be found among them men and women of the same characteristics who profess a form of the Jewish faith, and these latter, indistinguishable in every other respect from the Nestorian Christians, are, it is contended by some, descendants of the Lost Tribes who remained steadfast to the God of their ancestors. Dr. Wigram, who knows intimately the people of whom he writes, has had almost an unique opportunity of describing the customs peculiar to them, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that in the interests of archaeology, anthropology, and folklore, he did not make greater use of it.

## FICTION

*Lost Endeavour.* By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

MR. MASEFIELD is one of the few writers of the present day whom one may term on its higher plane an artist, on its lower plane a self-respecting craftsman. It is possible to disagree profoundly at times with the work he turns out, even as it is possible to complain not only of his conception of his art, but of the manner of its achievement; but it is quite impossible to neglect or disparage him. That is to say, if his work does not come to us carrying the reason of its being, its mien and manner at least declare it to have had some urgent cause of being in the mind of its author.

That is much—in truth, it is all; and in a day largely given up to the mere making of books it is the mark of an author that demands reading where so much may be safely neglected. Therefore this present book of his will, we fear not much enhance his reputation. It bears all the signs of having been scotched in the making to serve the purpose of the series for which it was intended. Not that Mr. Masefield can deny himself, or the spirit that impels him.

His mood will out, but it displays itself in one or two ill ways. Either the worthier element of the book is hushed to a subservient portion, a far echo of itself, or it usurps the action. All the tales of the earth are built on the same lines. It is the manner of their handling that marks the difference between worthiness and unworthiness. In the present instance Mr. Masefield has sketched his tale to fit the scope of his volume, and we often feel that it is demanding of him a larger treatment. He himself feels it, and therefore now and then indulges himself with things that do not belong to his story.

It is, frankly, a tale of adventure. Charles Harding is at school near Deptford towards the latter end of the seventeenth century. Being sent one day by Dr. Carter, who keeps this "Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen," into Deptford to procure his weekly portion of snuff, Harding, with Teodoro Mora, the foreign master at the Academy, is waylaid and captured for export as a slave. He is sold to a tobacco-farmer in Virginia, where Teodoro Mora, or "Little Theo" as he was anciently nicknamed at the Deptford Academy, is transported further south. It is to "Little Theo" that the main adventure comes. For his master soon dies, and, escaping thence, strange wanderings befall him—strange not only in themselves, but in the province in which he finds taut craft and obedient crews, till he can readily be forgiven the thought that a fatherly destiny had him in charge for the accomplishment of great ends.

Let us not spoil Mr. Masefield's story by telling it over in detail. Suffice it to say that Mora became initiated into the ancient mysteries and ritual of the Indians of the South. He is hailed by them as the Saviour of old prophecy, who is to bind them into a nation, and cast out the white men who have invaded their lands. So high a mission, with all that it means of power and glory, naturally inflames his imagination, for he knows it possible of realisation. To this end he is tutored and disciplined by their priests, and for a final consummation is taken by them to their holy island, where a special caste of priests resides, in attendance on their central temple, their Hierapolis of worship. None other may land but he, for the very earth is sacred. They leave him at the shore.

Having arrived, he has difficulty in finding the temple, for the vegetation is rank and the forest inextricable. When at last he finds it, however, death and desolation greet him on all hands. A plague has swept over the island, and all the priests are dead. Moreover, he is many miles from the shore, and thus he seems likely to learn the lot of a castaway. Indeed, this might very likely have been so but for the visit of a crew of pirates that discover him fever-stricken on the shore. He is taken by them, and, being competent to navigate, is made sailing master and led on a smuggling expedition to far Virginia. His plans and papers he guards zealously from his quondam comrades, and he will not let them extract from him what took him to the island.

Meanwhile Charles Harding has been serving his time as a slave. Being sent on one occasion on a distant errand for his master, what strange thing should befall him but that he should be captured by a band of smugglers, and that this band of smugglers should have as its chief no less a person than "Little Theo"! No sooner does this happen than two momentous events occur. First, "Little Theo" learns that his captain has ransacked his papers, and has fled to discover what of worth the island held for him. Second, their band is attacked by Indians. Thereafter it becomes a chase for the island.

The tale is well told; and yet the excellence of the form has its drawbacks. Charles Harding is in conduct of the first portion, telling all within his knowledge till his meeting with "Little Theo" and the fight with the Indians. "Little Theo" takes up the relation, saying what makes the

captain's theft of his plans so important, and what urgent cause drives him to pursue. Then Charles Harding continues the tale, telling of the pursuit to the conclusion. Thus the sequence of narration is deftly secured. But the conclusion! After so urgent a flagellation of the fancy, after so many difficulties encountered and furiously overcome, it is a little disconcerting to discover the temple on the island blown up by the errant captain and his comrades (dire iconoclasts!), and to see our heroes turn to the very mundane business of iron-ore merchants. Yet so it is! The endeavour is indeed lost; but more is lost than the endeavour. A good book has been lost; it has turned to barrenness in Mr. Masefield's hands. For it is not a short story tritely and fitly told; it is a tale of portentous scope crippled in the making. But there are passages that bear witness to the hand that achieved them. Such is Charles Harding's account of the fight with the Red Indians, a veritable masterpiece of strange and potent excitement. Such, too, is "Little Theo's" beautiful account of the island, and his discoveries there. But such passages are only proof that the hand that penned the book is worthier of better things than it offers us now.

*The Lass with the Delicate Air.* By A. R. GORING-THOMAS.  
(John Lane. 6s.)

THERE is a faint air of newness about a heroine who makes a short-lived literary reputation on the strength of a plagiarism from an Elizabethan poet, but one wonders where the lady found her purloined lyric; we should have thought that the treasures of the British Museum had been ransacked o'er and o'er in that direction, and that any attempt to steal them would have been rewarded by instant discovery. In real life Benny would have been found out long before her husband lighted on her papers spread out invitingly on her desk in the reading-room. Naturally the discovery upset him greatly, and as he was rather a neurotic sort of person altogether, given to drugs and so on, we were not surprised when an over-dose of laudanum eventually carried him off. Benny then offered herself to an English author resident in Paris, but he would have none of her. So she took shelter with a rascally old Muscovite princess, and under her delicate guidance found a suitable destiny by marrying a wealthy American, an unusual and subtle type, for whose invention Mr. Goring-Thomas deserves great credit. These events take place in the second half of the book, the first being occupied with John Fitzgerald's discovery of the heroine in a Chelsea lodging-house, his wooing and his marriage. Mrs. Hicks, the drama-loving keeper of the lodging-house, is a bit of a character, as also is her husband, a temperance lecturer of intemperate habits. One or two other inmates of the place have a gentle eccentricity. But we have met them all many times before. Mr. Goring-Thomas is a capable workman who is at present engaged in worshipping false gods, but we think he will one day discover that art of writing which is chiefly an art of not writing the cheap and outworn.

## THE THEATRE

### "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

THE first performance of the Messrs. Melville's revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda" provided us with two sensations quite extraneous to the play itself. We found ourselves in the Lyceum Theatre for the first time since it left the hands of Sir Henry Irving. To drive up to it and to see its old

familiar portico brought back many youthful recollections of what then appeared to be great and wonderful productions, which, in the light of more experienced eyes, remain infinitely more beautiful scenically and inconceivably more admirable histrionically than those of the theatres which attempt to carry on the work of Sir Henry Irving in regard at least to the representation of Shakespearean plays. Our first sensation came in the vestibule. Where was the old, dark, dignified, somewhat mysterious vestibule of the theatre once dominated by the greatest showman of all time? Alas, gone like its old master. We found it popularised, to use the cheapest and most gaudy of all words. Flaring electric lights and gold paint were everywhere. It was with reluctant feet that we adventured further. We dreaded to see the popularisation of the auditorium. Our expectations were more than realised. We recognised nothing of the old theatre. It seemed to us to be twice as large; it had the air of a great variety house. Its cheerfulness was that of the man who smacks one violently on the back; its audience was as different from the old-time Lyceum audience as is Russell-square of yesterday from Russell-square of to-day. Popularity stared down from the vast gallery, the enormous circle, the golden boxes, and gazed over the few lines of stalls from the gigantic pit. The very orchestra was popular, and the thought that came into our mind as we eyed the popular drop-curtain was whether the drawing-room drama-play which we had seen at the St. James's Theatre in our adolescence would be popular enough for this popular house and popular audience.

It was the play itself which provided us with our second sensation. We dimly remember having left the St. James's Theatre after seeing "The Prisoner of Zenda" for the first time, with a suggestion of moisture on our smooth, boyish face. We remember to have followed the adventures of Rudolph Rassendyl with excitement and with a great stirring of the latent romance which lay hidden in our composition. We had fallen profoundly in love with the beautiful Flavia, and had a sneaking regard for the handsome Antoinette de Mauban. We could easily have killed the vile Rupert of Hentzau, and have lain in wait behind cover for Black Michael—duly supported. Ah, for the days when we were twenty-one! What can have happened to us since then? If the truth must be told, we confess that we watched the prologue with astonishment. We found it bald, flashy, unconvincing, melodramatic, and somewhat incoherent. We listened to the bombast and stereotyped language with amazement; surely, we thought, the play, like the theatre, has been popularised. Surely, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Aubrey Smith, and the rest did not say and do these things at the St. James's Theatre. Yes, they did. We repeated this word surely to ourselves throughout the remaining acts of the play. Time had indeed not passed less callously over this romantic comedy than over ourselves. What we once found actual seemed now to be impossible. What was once romantic was now absurd. The play had aged. Or was it that in the hands of popular players who mouthed and shouted, glared and stamped, the *vraisemblance* of the play filtered out?

Mr. Henry Ainley, and the popular company engaged to support him, cannot, of course, be compared with the St. James's Theatre Company which included Mr. George Alexander, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Evelyn Millard, and Miss Lily Hanbury; nor, of course, can the huge Lyceum Theatre be compared with the comparatively small St. James's. A tune played by an efficient stringed orchestra sounds very different on the brass instruments of Sousa's band; and a song sung by Madame Clara Butt is not the same thing when it is ground out by a barrel-organ. Mr. Ainley and company barrel-organised "The Prisoner of

Zenda." We found Mr. Ainley as Rudolph Rassendyl, the adventurous Englishman, rather like a Swiss valet hurrying to answer the bell. His dapper blue-serge suit and green Monte Carlo hat were very Swiss and very much like those of the efficient valet who does not dress from his master's wardrobe. As the pretended king, we found him still Swiss and still permeated with the desire to answer bells. As the real king, pale and dishevelled, grovelling at the feet of his captors and clinging to the Rue-de-la-Paix skirts of Mademoiselle de Mauban, he was still Swiss under the influence of bock. He had his moments. There were times when he was utterly un-Swiss, and peculiarly like an English actor who had been brought up behind the footlights of an old Surrey theatre. He even had his moments when he showed the effects of the theatre on the right side of the water which lies with a convenient nearness to the Carlton Hotel. He was, however, cheered to the echo, and he emerged from what we may suppose was an ordeal with great popularity, and without turning a hair.

Colonel Sapt seemed to us to have been degraded to the non-commissioned ranks. In the hands of his present interpreter he appeared to be a rather pushing sergeant. The English landscape painter—who was both English and a landscape painter when played by Mr. Allan Aynesworth—became a cockney black-and-white artist at the Lyceum; and the Rupert of Hentzau, made so cynical and analytically immoral by Mr. H. B. Irving in his comparative youth, was a quite impossible creature. We did not fall in love with the Flavia of Miss Rosalie Toller, although she was quite charming and girlish; nor would we have jeopardised our reputation for the present Antoinette de Mauban. The whole production, however, was received with rapture by a crowded house, so all is well. We are no longer young. In that sad confession lies our lack of appreciation.

#### "BABY MINE" AT THE CRITERION

This is an American writer's idea of what a French play ought to be. It is, as a matter of fact, what a great many French plays have been and will be; but although the idea is French, the treatment is American. That is to say, the comic situations are mechanical, and the characters are strident. Nevertheless it contains decidedly comic moments, the characters are drawn from life—American life—and its fun is distinctly laughter-compelling. To those who are more pained than amused when the comic man, with a moveable stomach, hits in quick succession the other three members of his glee-quartett on the head with a heavy club, "Baby Mine" is not to be recommended. Nor would those who can find nothing to laugh at in the almost miraculous gymnastic contortions of the Broadway nigger who goes on dancing until he appears to be on the verge of death to the air of a ragtime repeated *ad nauseam*, find anything laughable in the reiteration of babies in the latest American importation. "Baby Mine" is, however, it appears, a success at the Criterion Theatre, and the rafters of that little underground house ring nightly with Homeric laughter, which goes to prove that there is a large public in London for any play which contains a cunning mixture of obvious humour and farcical bustle. The regeneration of the London stage depends, it would seem, mainly upon beds. Already we have seen how successful the bed has been in "Inconstant George." In this Mr. Charles Hawtrey is tucked up very realistically, to be visited by one young woman in a somewhat diaphanous evening frock, and another in a skimpy shrimping skirt minus stockings. In "Baby Mine" the bed contains a pretty little person not in the

Peter Pan pyjamas or those whose fashion was set by Mr. Cyril Maude and continued by Miss Marie Löhr, but in the ordinary nightdress, as advertised and beautifully represented on the shiny paper of all ladies' journals. There is a comparatively limited public for wit, fine construction, a well-considered story, or a play in which the mirror is held up either to all that is pleasant or pathetic in nature. The occasional play which contains these ingredients is welcomed with almost tearful enthusiasm by the critics, but if it is not advertised with modern profusion, if it has not among its cast a well-known member of the aristocracy, an actor who has earned a high reputation as an aeronaut, or a much-boomed and beautiful actress, whose acting is of secondary moment, it fades away in its childhood and passes into oblivion. If there is added to a bedroom scene a new-born baby, success is doubly assured. The American author of "Baby Mine," who had discovered the great commercial value of these ingredients, pursued the invariable methods of the American nation and did not stop at one baby, but plumped for three. The effect is Rooseveltian. The success is not great, but, to use the Niagarian term, colossal. "Baby Mine" is referred to as a "cinch"—a "lead-pipe cinch." It is a "sitter." It has "made good."

The English stage certainly owes much to Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, to the French authors of "Inconstant George," and the American author of "Baby Mine." The future of the English stage looks more rosy. It is obvious that our popular dramatic authors have at last rendered the censor a harmless institution, and it is in all probability due to Mr. George Alexander that the London County Council sends its Pecksniffs no longer to the theatre to play the part of Peeping Tom. We are evidently broadening and becoming more Latin in our instincts. The English stage bids fair to take its place, in all the pride of health, shoulder to shoulder with that of France. It is true that we have already seen Malvolio in night attire. In his last production of "Twelfth Night" Sir Herbert Tree gave us an admirably comic "turn" in this costume. He is immensely ingenious in discovering the reasons for the introduction of apparent errors in chronology and little erroneous details which may add to the pleasure of his supporters.

To return to "Baby Mine" after this optimistic exaltation, we did not think that the play was very happily cast. It seemed to us that Mr. Weedon Grossmith would have evoked greater laughter had he cast himself for one of the babies. We think that he might have made himself up very well as that baby in "The Bab Ballads" who was born smoking a Henry Clay. Perhaps, however, we ask too much even of Mr. Weedon Grossmith. As it is, his peculiar methods find ample scope. He gives us his well-known mirthless smile, with all its old effect, and he introduces into the most farcical moments of this play that note of tragedy without which no comic piece can arouse laughter. Miss Iris Hoey wears her night-clothes charmingly, and Mr. Calthrop brings out very well the paternal instinct. But he lacks the restfulness and naturalness which his part demands. These little things, however, do not matter. There is the bed, and that is everything.

#### "A DOLL'S HOUSE" AT THE COURT THEATRE

THE time is long past when a play of Ibsen excited the world of literature and set the dramatic critics wondering what to say; but, despite the levelling and tranquillising process of the years, the stern Northern tragedies still retain their hold upon a certain section of the public. Pleasure, in

the sense of amusement, may be lacking. No music; humour of the grimdest kind, and that infrequent; situations which strain the nerves and wring the heart; yet, somehow, one feels that the opportunity for seeing such a play as "A Doll's House" must not be missed. Partly because of the relentless dissection of character, partly because of the chance of extraordinary acting, intellectual curiosity is aroused as soon as a work of Ibsen is placed on the London stage.

An additional motive influences us on this occasion in the presence of the Princess Bariatinsky as Nora Helmer, and we may say at once that those who missed seeing her rendering of the difficult part at the Royalty Theatre last month should make pilgrimage to the Court Theatre on some evening during the next ten days. That a Russian lady should expound Ibsen in English is something of a phenomenon; that she should do it so well is surprising. Her fire, her passion, the wonderfully rapid and convincing changes of her expression, her quick, lithe movements, make a sensation to which we are hardly accustomed in this country, and her accent seems to add an exotic charm to the unhappy story which is being unfolded. In her exhausting dance it was difficult to believe that she was merely acting—she seemed strung up to a hysterical pitch of emotion; her quiet arraignment of her husband in the closing scene was in the true spirit of tragedy.

Mr. Ben Webster as Torvald Helmer, egotist, and Mr. Halliwell Hobbes as Dr. Rank expressed their characters judiciously, but Mr. Rothbury Evans rather overacted his part of Nils Krogstad. He hissed and glowered too violently, and employed the vocal methods, the emphasis, the inflections of melodrama. His work would have gained tremendously in power had he continued to speak as he began—calmly, sneeringly, incisively. Upon his quiet, chilling entrance his deep tones and deadly, restrained manner, as of one who has his prey within springing distance, created quite a thrill. Miss Rosalind Ivan gave a good interpretation of Mrs. Linden, Nora Helmer's friend, although at times a little more energy would have added strength to the effect she wished to produce. It is all, however, serious and finely-conceived work, and the "Doll's House" should be seen by all who value a change from the light fare which draws the crowd to the ordinary theatre catering merely for the amusement of its patrons.

#### HARMONY AND PROPORTION IN ART

IT is not generally realised how facile it is to produce contrast, or to create conspicuous objects, and how difficult to attain to harmony and proportion. Contrast and discord are the resorts of the charlatan and the uncultured, harmony and proportion the real ends of all art. The former strike the eye of the public by reason of their vividness; it is only the eye of the artist that can distinguish the subtleties of the latter.

The public always has been and always will be incapable of a true understanding of harmony and proportion. To take his place as a useful member of civilised society, a man is brought up in a rigid bent of thought, and in mature life the exigencies of his business will not permit him to give flight to his fancy; his interests all tend in one direction. Seeing as he does only his own side of life, he is incapable of forming a really proportionate conception of existence. One portion only of his imaginative faculties is developed, and he fails to grasp the less conspicuous subtleties of beauty. Exploring as he does only one narrow tributary of the great

stream of life, all its other varied channels remain unknown to him, and when the rumour of their existence comes to him on the wings of the Press, through his ignorance they appear a something utterly opposed to all that he has known. For this reason his sense of contrast, and not his sense of proportion, is developed.

This love of violent contrast and of the abnormal is shown by the strange popularity of glaring music-halls, gaudy public processions, and inharmonious uniforms. The tourist waxes enthusiastic over brilliant sunsets, which contrast the crimson of a dying day with the palour of the Alpine snows, and hastens back to his hotel insensible to the sober harmony of the afterglow. The Londoner, growing sentimental at the memory of glaring southern landscapes, ignores the beauties of a mist above the Thames. In their conversation also the generality of mankind lack all sense of proportion, the paucity of their interests leading them to wander with wearying persistence over the narrow circle of their lives.

The Early Victorian Age affords an illustration of our thesis. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century directed most of the vital forces of our country towards the accumulation of wealth. This rush for the acquisition of gold and material goods engendered a love of the ornate, the massive, the ostentatious, while the grace of simplicity was lost sight of. All sense of harmony and proportion was lost sight of in this monomania for the material; hence the massive mahogany furniture, the dreary four-poster beds, and all the gold and purple of that lamentable period.

The comedian, the punster, or the man with a broad sense of humour, produces his effect by the facility of finding contrasts; but the wit by his sense of proportion. He mixes his words with such beautiful *finesse* as to bring to light hidden relations which exist between the objects of his conversation. The pure steel of the satirist is tempered with exquisite proportion; those who indulge in personal abuse are like men who wield a cudgel, hideous in its misshapen deformity.

The well-dressed woman is one who has sufficient sense of harmony and proportion to design pleasing clothes. For this reason a really well-dressed woman is generally unnoticed by the crowd who gaze in admiration on the vivid colours and distorted shapes of merely ostentatious garments, never for one moment realising that it takes genius to produce harmony, while discord is within the reach of all. This lack of a sense of proportion leads fat women, bound tightly in their skirts like sheaves of over-ripe corn, to pant wearily with curtailed steps about the thoroughfares of our great cities, vainly imitating the graceful glide of their more ethereal sisters.

Those whose position in society has enabled them to indulge their fantasy, develop, if intelligent, by reason of the variety of their impressions conceived, a certain sense of the real harmony of life. Hence their general charm of manner and dress. The cosmopolitan is generally a delightful person socially, because out of his peregrinations among the culture of many lands and Continents, the varied scenery which has passed before his eyes, and the multifarious types of humanity which have come within his mental vision, he has developed a sense of the proportion of life. He touches in his speech all the varied beauties of the universe. He may be called the artist of conversation.

In a further stage of mental development there are men who have so fine a sense of proportion that they can draw; others who understand the harmonies of colour; others who embrace the two faculties and can both paint and draw, and thus produce pleasing pictures. But the true master-artist

is he who can drift upon the golden sea of his fancy towards the lands of his imagination. He passes from sentiment to sentiment, from emotion to emotion, plucking wondrous flowers of good and evil in his path; when his genius has penetrated the mysteries and beauties of life and Nature he combines them, through his sense of perfect harmony and proportion, in a masterpiece—a masterpiece probably unnoticed by the multitude of his contemporaries, but which is passed with loving care from generation to generation among the few who understand, until the strange persistence of their admiration attracts the notice of the many. Then is it hung with pomp and ostentation upon the walls of a gallery, or reproduced in a cheap edition, and thousands, led by fashion, tire themselves in futile contemplation of its subtle charms. Few ever find refreshment for the soul in the hidden purity of its composition.

A picture by Titian, Rembrandt, Turner, or Reynolds—to mention only four examples—is so in harmony and proportion with the every sentiment and mood of those who are artistic that it soon becomes an integral part of their intellectual existence. A Fragonard or a Boucher soon sickens by its disproportionate insistence on the sensual and the luxurious; a Greuze by its unceasing pourtrayal of the *voulté* of incipient womanhood; the sentimental dogs and romantic cattle of Landseer by the wide disparity between the artist's admirable *technique* and the poverty of his intellectual vision.

Art is art, and can be turned to no other uses. If the artist's creation aims at establishing the truth of sane doctrine or moral law, then sense of proportion is lost in the pursuit of his object. He ceases to co-ordinate the varied traits and phases of life and Nature. So-called didactic or moral poetry is never art. Shakespeare was a poet who had the sense of artistic proportion so exquisitely developed that his works can never fail to entrance those capable of appreciation. His characters do not embody one characteristic to the exclusion of all others, but are delightful and living pictures of the many sentiments which animate each human being. Corneille, on the other hand, had not the same sense of proportion. He was able to understand with astonishing force and clearness the leading passions which animate mankind, but could not mix them in the right proportions and make of the whole living men. In "Le Cid" he paints the sentiment of honour, in "Horace" patriotism, in "Cinna" clemency, and in "Nicomède" the strength of a soul to resist misfortune, in "Polyeucte" the sacrifice to a Divine ideal. Racine, on the other hand, has created human characters such as Bérénice, Athalie, Iphigénie, which will live for ever. Shakespeare and Racine were great physiologists; and what is a physiologist but one who can penetrate the veil which hides the motives of our actions, and whose sense of proportion enables him to mix the thousand traits and motives which he has observed in exactly the right proportions, and of the whole to create a living character?

It may be objected that the works of primitive artists, although lacking proportion in their drawing or carving, are nevertheless pleasing as works of art. But this is because the work of the primitive artist is so entirely in proportion to his mental development. The attempts of certain contemporary sculptors to return to the primitive are generally ridiculous, as they at once show the utter disproportion between the artist's intellectual development and the resulting work.

Such art then is the resort of the vulgar. The great masters of all times are those whose sense of harmony and proportion is all-embracing, and thus in their works co-ordinate all the varied ends of art.

## SIR RICHARD SOLOMON ON THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

WHEN an expert like Sir Richard Solomon lectures on his own subject, he ensures, as he deserves, respectful hearing. As High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, he is fully qualified to explain its resources and problems. His paper, read recently before the Society of Arts, was illuminating on both branches. A general knowledge prevails that the capabilities of the Union are very great; Sir Richard Solomon is able to give the facts and vast figures about the mineral resources, the gold reefs, the reliability of the deposits, the output, the diamond-mines, or pipes, coal, copper, iron, the railways, harbours, and public works, salaries and wages, the imports and exports—all showing the rapid development of the country and the trade resulting. It is not so well known, however, that an era of great agricultural prosperity has commenced; to this he could also testify. Scientific farming, the most modern methods of cultivation, pests and the diseases of animals, are being fully appreciated; the Government aims, by grants and supervision, at developing the agricultural features of the country. Wool, for instance, is exported to the value of four millions a year; cattle and horse breeding, ostrich-farming, fruit-growing, the cultivation of maize and cereals, have all increased enormously, in spite of the drawbacks of droughts and diseases; tobacco, cotton, sugarcane, viticulture, are all coming on, and occupy large numbers of labourers.

Important as the facts are regarding the material statistics, greater human interest attaches to political and personal questions. The Union of the four self-governing Colonies has only existed since the South African Act of 1909 formulated the constitution, and various matters, left unsettled, require determination—such as the Parliamentary franchise, whether every adult male European is to have the vote, whether coloured persons are to be voters, whether uniformity in native policy is to prevail. The organisation of an efficient and permanent Civil Service, independent of political parties, also needs settlement. Where variety has obtained hitherto in the four Colonies in legislation, customs, tariffs, &c., provision has to be made for uniformity. British manufactured goods are allowed a customs rebate of over half a million sterling a year. This question of preferential treatment is likely to be much discussed.

The wisdom of the proposed union of these Colonies was at one time hotly debated, and it was commonly thought that England was wantonly abandoning the advantages gained in the war by admitting the Dutch to equality of rights. The event is rapidly justifying the policy adopted. Sir Richard Solomon considers there is no longer room nor justification for racial antagonism. Some racial feeling remains, but it is disappearing, and will cure itself; and the cure will be effected the sooner by talking and writing about it less. The native question is the problem which overshadows all others. The European population within the Union numbers less than a million and a quarter; the coloured inhabitants exceed 4,000,000, of whom three and a half millions are aboriginal natives in different stages of civilisation. The coloured 4,000,000 are regarded with sympathetic interest, and the 150,000 Asiatics raise very difficult and delicate questions. Education is advancing among the coloured children, though barbarism prevails among the aborigines. The dual language renders the subject of elementary education specially difficult. The chief problem for decision is the relations to be established, socially, politically, and industrially, between the different coloured races comprised within the Union and the

Europeans. Sir Richard urges that a sound native policy must be slowly and naturally developed, and that the only course is to adhere to the good, sound principles of justice, freedom, and toleration. These are good enough sentiments, but their efficiency depends upon their practical application. As the various races live together, the basis is native labour, but they compete in all skilled occupations. The problem presents itself in such matters as the framing of railway regulations, Parliamentary and municipal legislation, education, and the daily administrative work of Government; in fact, in all the relations of their common citizenship. Sir Richard declares that no one who has not lived in South Africa can appreciate the difficulties of the native problem; but surely similar questions must have arisen in India, and the experience acquired there in treating coloured peoples would be useful in South Africa. Time and gentle handling are the main factors in such matters.

The question of Defence is much more pressing. South Africans recognise their responsibility for contributing to the strength of the Imperial Navy. But local forces for the preservation of internal order, when the British troops are removed, will have to be organised; the existing militia, volunteers, and police are insufficient; a system of National Defence, involving universal service in some form of universal training, has been foreshadowed, and requires elaboration. With so able an exponent of the Union's affairs as Sir Richard Solomon available, they ought to receive full attention in England.

## THE POET'S HOLIDAY

### II.—LITTLE PARIS

WHEN children are pulled through picture-galleries by enthusiastic adults they have a pleasant way of turning their backs on the pictures and looking with an absorbed interest at the other students of art in their neighbourhood. It is possible that the children are right; indeed a not very thorough study of the question leaves me convinced that the people one meets in picture-galleries are more interesting than any pictures. But that is beside my point, which is that it is not the fault of the individual if he is impressed by the wrong things. Thus at Brussels there are some very good pictures and some very good architecture. A Belgian friend assured me that there are three things that Englishmen always go to see—the Palais de Justice, the Wiertz pictures, and a certain little Rabelasian fountain that would, my friend said, have been pulled down years ago if it did not please the tourists to find the Belgians "shocking." To my eyes the Palais de Justice lacks dignity, and Wiertz was an artist with a touch of that madness that is not akin to genius; but I doubt whether my principal impression of Brussels is at all more dignified than that of the average tourist. Brussels, having wide streets and being moreover hilly, is a windy city, and if I had to make an allegorical drawing of the city and its inhabitants I think I should draw a picture of a cynic running after his hat. Everybody one meets here who is at all intelligent is proportionately cynical; but their splendid phrases of disillusionment are always spoilt by the malevolent genius of the place, which sends them running after their hats like children after butterflies. It is only indoors that they can bring their witty condemnation of life to a joyous conclusion.

This Belgian cynicism seems to me to cut far deeper than the delicate phrases with which many Frenchmen express a scepticism that they do not feel. It seems as if they had been endowed with a gift of destructive introspection that is fortunately rare among nations: "Geographically and

racially, Belgium does not exist; we are a mixture of two races, speaking the language of a third. Brussels is a suburb of Paris, a kind of ambitious music-hall. We have a King by grace of England and France and Germany. He is like the Wiertz Collection—good to amuse the tourists. All our principal artists and men of letters live in Paris, for we are content to do everything a little less well than they do it there. At one time we hoped something from the Socialists, for they had some clever men at their head. But these men, who had once been rich, had only turned to Socialism in order to become rich again, and now that they have succeeded, the Socialists are as stupid as any one else. The inhabitants of Brussels are all monkeys—when they are not mimicking Paris they are copying some other place; but more Englishmen come here every year, so that we have a future. Meanwhile we are pulling down all the old houses to make room for them. They are very nice, and they spend a great deal of money, but the place will be too dear for us to live in it soon. Of course they call us names because we provide them with the kinds of amusement that they expect to find in wicked foreign countries; but we know that they always do that and don't really mean any harm." That is the sort of thing that I have heard twenty times during the last few days, and it is not less suggestive because the cynics take an obvious delight in coining their cynicisms.

In reality this kind of good-humoured bitterness is no new thing in Belgium. The attitude of the Belgians towards the late King Leopold was a case in point. The King disliked his subjects intensely because they were unambitious, and thwarted his very genuine desire to increase the importance of his kingdom. In revenge they laughed at him to their heart's content. I was in Brussels some years ago when a very scurrilous pamphlet was published attacking the King's too notorious private life. The pamphlet was bound in red, and for a week the whole city blushed joyously. The pamphlets were sold openly from one end of the place to the other; everybody bought them, and everybody laughed. Now the Belgians laugh no more at the late King Leopold, because they think that in his death he has robbed them of the millions they paid, very unwillingly be it said, for the Congo. Money is the one thing this very thrifty nation takes seriously. In some subtle way it is an additional offence that the King should have entrusted the defence of his will to a Socialist advocate. On the other hand, the new King is rather popular, and has, it is said, a smile for every one; but at heart the country is lazily democratic.

As for the people who do not think, I should say they were quite as happy in Belgium as anywhere else. They eat well and drink well, and Brussels at all events is materially prosperous. One sees very few men and women whose poverty is below the level of self-respect. One sees no drunken people at all, though the facilities for drinking are extraordinary and beer is very cheap. Yet for all their economic welfare I do not detect that growth of intelligence that English Socialists would have us believe is the necessary consequence of cleanliness and good food. The London street-arab, with his dirt and his empty stomach, is far more alert than the relatively prosperous *gamin* of Brussels. In the poorer-class *cafés* the men drink beer with heavy tranquillity, or play solemn games of cards; there is very little talk. They have, it seems to me, very little to talk about, so far have they narrowed their interests down to the immediate satisfaction of their senses. To eat well and drink well and smoke well, to have a good wife, *une femme pot-a-feu*, as some one defined it to me, and, above all, to have a stocking full of money for the bad days satisfies them wholly. They have no pride in their country or even in their city. Their local patriotism confines itself to grumbling at little details in the management of the trams or railways that

interfere with their after-dinner comfort. At best they achieve an unenlightened materialism, at worst an unenlightened individualism.

This, of course, is a general impression rather than a reasoned study. But it is at least more generous than that formed by many intellectual Belgians. It is as pleasant as it is unexpected to hear those who have visited England praising the general popular intelligence at the expense of that of their own country. The best Belgians, they say, are Frenchmen, and this is true enough if we can conceive a France without illusions and without patriotism. Brussels is contented, and even proud, to call itself Little Paris; it intends to be a great deal more like Paris before it has done, modern Paris, the Paris of *café-chantants*, and music-halls, and other week-end delights being understood. I shall have something to say concerning this aspect of Brussels in my next article. Meanwhile I would qualify my impression with the observation that intellectual Brussels does not extend its cynicism to matters of art. On such matters it is charmingly enthusiastic and agreeably catholic. It reads Kipling and Wells, Frank Harris and Chesterton, and discusses them with real interest and intelligence. The city is flooded with English books, and it is pleasant to reflect that they are not only read by English visitors.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

## INDIA : CONCLUSION

### VIII.—SINCE THE MUTINY

#### PROGRESS. A SURVEY

THE history of India since the Mutiny of 1857 differs from that of the country before it by the absence of war from the entire peninsula. The great convulsion cleared the air; calm succeeded the storm. British supremacy was then confirmed; the *Pax Britannica* was introduced and has been maintained; its preservation is ample justification for the presence of an alien Power. Should that Power ever commit the folly, the crime, of withdrawing, the country would immediately become the scene of internal disorder, very possibly the goal of external invasion. The numerous peoples who inhabit the land are bound by no ties of nationality, religion, or language: the component races differ from one another in every respect, in circumstances, character, and civilisation, and it is hardly conceivable that their religious and racial differences will ever be accommodated sufficiently to admit of their amalgamation. The tranquillity that has been secured, and the justice administered everywhere, have conduced to great progress being effected, material, political, and administrative; but no one dreams that anything like finality has been attained. The Governor-General must take for his motto the line applied to Cæsar by the Roman poet: *nil actum credens, dum quid superasset agendum*.

The Governor-General is here deliberately mentioned by his designation. The Viceroy is only an alternative appellation, signifying that the individual represents the Sovereign of Great Britain, which has been true only since the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown in 1858. It is on the Governor-General in Council that the responsibility rests, and to him the honour of successful government and the blame for failures belong. The character of the administration depends on the personality of the Head. He has immense power of initiative, and can veto anything of which he does not approve. He can overrule the Councillors, though they may record their dissents. But he is not omnipotent. He has a master in the Secretary of State in

England, who, exercising his powers under Parliamentary statutes, is the final authority. Since the construction of telegraphic communication between England and India, such independence as the Government in India enjoyed in former times has been greatly reduced. Where previous rulers would not have brooked minute interference from England, the Parliamentary system, as now enforced—though the supremacy of Parliament always existed—requires practical compliance, or resignation as the only alternative. Lord Morley has shown how, in keeping one eye on Parliament, he has only been carrying out the existing law. The result has been the diminution of the prestige and position of the Governor-General. But there remains enough to leave him the possessor of very considerable power as the head of the Government in India. Still, there are various matters, such as famine, plague, frontier outbreaks, financial and economic changes, of which he cannot prevent the occurrence, though he can mitigate their consequences.

To British rule India has presented itself as a great national property to be developed. If it was originally exploited by commercial adventurers and a trading company for their own advantage, the later policy has now been adopted that it is to be governed for the benefit of its peoples. The interests of the masses have therefore been regarded by keeping the land-revenue assessment light, by the reduction of the salt-tax, by keeping taxation low, by introducing irrigation where possible (it now secures crops worth forty to fifty millions sterling a year), and by scientific assistance rendered to agriculture. The opening-up of communications, by the construction of railways, roads, and canals, by telegraphs and postal facilities, has added enormously to the comfort of the people, has increased trade and commerce manifold, has given an outlet for surplus produce, and permitted the introduction of food in times of famine. Since the completion of the Suez Canal in 1869, and the improvement of the Indian ports, the trade and commerce of India, taking advantage of the developments just mentioned, have advanced by leaps and bounds, and have not nearly reached their limits. Factories, mills, and workshops have increased the out-turn of produce and the national prosperity. The condition of all classes has greatly improved, and they are better able than before to resist famine and pestilence. The rise of prices has benefited producers and exporters, but not the consumers. Briefly, the material interests of the country have been fostered wherever possible, and no opportunity of advancing them is neglected. A vigorous policy of public works is essential.

In no aspect has India changed more in the last fifty years than in the acquisition of political power by Indians, mainly the result of English education, adopted in 1835, the Education policy since 1854, and the institution of Universities in 1857. Almost all the subordinate appointments, and a considerable proportion of the higher posts, in the Government services are held by Indians; they occupy many of the highest judicial positions, and of executive appointments almost the highest. The Legislative Councils are composed so largely of Indians that they have ample scope for the expression of opinions and for influencing the policy of the Government. Constitutional reforms have provided for the expansion of the Legislative Councils, for the better representation of Mahomedans and other classes, and for giving greater opportunities to Indians to share in the management of their own affairs. Local Self-Government was introduced nearly thirty years ago, but, being unsuited to the country, has failed to flourish as was hoped. The liberty of the Press has led to such licence that some check has been required, but there is ample freedom remaining for the diffusion of political sentiments. An Indian National Congress has unceasingly applied political pressure upon the Government.

The administration has become much more elaborate. The business to be transacted has more than doubled. Many more departments and offices have been created to deal with the new needs and interests that have arisen. In all branches the utmost care is taken to make the administration conformable to principles of humanity and civilisation; the path of progress has been consistently pursued, though not always at the same pace; and mistakes have sometimes been made, and admitted. The maintenance of the high British standard of efficiency has occasionally been disregarded in order to admit Indians to a larger share in the administration. But no relaxation of British rule in its highest qualities of justice, strength, and liberty has been permitted, or is likely to be allowed. The military forces are and must be disciplined in sufficient numbers to provide for internal peace and to repel a foreign foe; the relative proportions of British and Indian troops, and the distribution of arms, are arranged so as to minimise the possibility of another military revolt; the Native States have been invited to send their quotas to the Imperial Service Corps. Of recent years the police forces have been reorganised at considerable expense, and measures have been taken to compete with the machinations of the criminal classes. It must be admitted that unrest has shown itself in parts of the country, and that anarchical methods have been practised in outbreaks of violence, outrage, and murder. The policy of combined repression and conciliation has been invented to meet the requirements of the situation, and there are indications that the policy has already had a good effect.

The question is often raised, Where is all this tending; how is it to end? The extremists among the political agitators will not be satisfied with reforms. They aim at Nationality and the termination of British rule; but their idea that British troops should still be retained to keep the peace and protect India from invasion shows the extravagant nature of the proposal. The evacuation of India by the British would be the signal, we must repeat, for disorder within and attack from without. So long as England retains her sea-power India is safe from aggression by sea, and her land-frontiers have been made strong enough to resist any attack until reinforcements can arrive from Europe. Diplomacy has been applied to give greater solidity to the frontiers, and the Native States are now favourably disposed to the British Raj. India's real danger consists in (1) the possibility of no reinforcements being available if England happens to be engaged in a European war, and (2) advantage being taken of such an occasion by agitators and anarchists to rouse the whole country to rebellion. Vigilance and foresight, sympathy and firmness are required in the Government. Sedition must be suppressed whenever it appears. Co-operation is sometimes looked for from the Indians, but they have yet to learn the meaning of the term. The concessions already made to their successful agitation for political power will assuredly lead to further demands. The Indians aim at power for the sake of the material benefits to be gained thereby. Their object hitherto has been not to advance British rule, but to thwart it. The transfer of political power to their hands will both make India more difficult to govern and retard the rate of progress. The conservatism of the East must act as a drag. The Europeanisation of India will be retarded, while her material resources increase. Antagonism between European and Indian policies must arise, and it is rapidly becoming apparent—in the demand, for instance, for protection for India in trade and commerce. Where the policies clash one must give way, and a continuation of discontent may be the result. As education advances—and education must be extended—the higher classes may become more difficult to influence as to the true interests of India.

No one can foretell the end; there is no need to try to

anticipate it. The rate of progress, which has been more rapid in India since the Mutiny than during any previous period of the same length, cannot always be maintained. It is sufficient for the time to consolidate British rule in spirit and in strength, while giving the Indians such a considerable share in the Government as will enlist their interest and loyalty. Lord Curzon spoke of "the elementary fact that the rule of India is still, and must for as long as we can foresee remain, in British hands." In other words, it has been said that "we may safely assume as the basis of our policy that the supreme Government of India must remain British, and that it will continue to be of the absolute type, tempered by consultative Councils of a representative character, and by a steadily increasing measure of purely local autonomy." The acceleration of communications between England and India should make for peace, but, as Lord Minto has recently said, India must be governed in detail in India. Principles may be enunciated from England, but constant interference will only lead to danger and disaster. We must, again, with Lord Curzon, "remember that India is still the great touchstone of British character and achievement, and with a high heart and sober self-reliance go forward, and persevere to the end."

## MUSIC

If, in these days of Competitions, literary and otherwise, Messrs. Bechstein were to offer a prize to the *habitués* of their Concert Hall for the most probable programme of a violinist, pianist, or vocalist "on his promotion," a vast number of papers would be submitted, and almost all the examinees would qualify for the reward. One programme telleth another, and one young artist certifieth another. We know by instinct born of experience what we shall hear, and how gladly do we welcome any exceptions to the established order of things.

When we read that a Miss Helen Sealy, greatly daring, proposed to play a Concerto of Bach, and cause it to be properly accompanied by its strings instead of by the intrusive piano, so that we might know how the composer meant it to sound, nay, more wonderful still, that she had engaged seven of London's most capital players, and intended to lead them in Schubert's Octett, we could hardly credit the announcement. Rhoda-like emotions overpowered us. It was as if Peter had knocked at the gate. What ambition, what spirit, what enterprise on the part of Miss Sealy! It could not be expected that she would give us Bach with the art of a Kreisler, or lead Schubert like Mme. Neruda at a "Monday Pop"; but the proverb about gift-horses is a wise one, and could any thanks be too warm to any one who would let us hear that Octett? We think not, and beg Miss Sealy to accept the expression of our sincerest gratitude.

Now, gratitude, of course, is an expectation of favours to come, and we will not deny that we have a boon to ask of the young violinist. Will she, in future programmes, strive to make them more perfect by the omission of music which is quite unworthy to sound beside that of the masterpieces? Her prelude to the Bach and the Schubert was Grieg's G minor Sonata, a work in which sugar is the ingredient of strongest flavour, and her epilogue was composed of pieces which cried aloud to be spared the humiliation of being made to tinkle while the notes of Schubert were yet in our ears. Schubert's is music "such as should be played before lovely ladies when they walk abroad," and these pieces might have suited the promenade on the pier of Brighton

*endimanches*. How would not our faces fall if, when invited to a banquet of wine, we found that our first cup was to be of fizzing lemonade and our last of cowslip-wine negus? Would these potions make us love the donor of the feast and enhance the bouquet of the rare Hermitage (such as that vintage drawn from the cellars of Gaunt House with which Becky warmed the cockles of Pitt Crawley's heart) or deepen the delight of Windsor Castle Sillery?

In truth it was a pity that Miss Sealy had not drawn up her scheme with more regard to Mr. Crummles' great doctrine of the "unities." We note that at her remaining concerts, Brahms' Horn Trio is placed cheek-by-jowl with—Wieniawski's "Légende"! She will very likely reply to our comments with Voltaire's "You may have preferences but no exclusions;" but even if she does, we will still beg her to exclude from her programmes music which does not harmonise with the grand and noble compositions which form her principal contributions to our enjoyment. Miss Sealy's playing was marked by much intelligence, and that she has qualities which should make her a good artist in chamber-music there can be little doubt. Mr. Hamilton Harty's share in Grieg's Sonata made one ask why that admirable musician does not allow us to hear him as a solo-pianist. We cannot but think that he would be a great deal more agreeable and satisfying to hear than many prominent performers on the piano.

Another violinist who has given a concert is Miss Margery Bentwich, and though she did not resist the temptation to conclude with the best-known display of Wieniawski's fireworks, her programme was otherwise "in character," and she had constructed it with no little skill, since although she placed together not less than eight specimens of eighteenth-century composers, these were so varied in style that no effect of monotony was felt. She led off with the revised version of Brahms' B major Trio, one of his most beautiful things, and this was very well played, though Mr. Epstein, the pianist, was correct and solid rather than poetic. Miss Thelma Bentwich, a sister of the concert-giver, surprised and delighted us by the excellence of her violoncello-playing. We understand that this young lady is a scholar at the Royal College of Music. She should make a notable addition to the ranks of fine violoncellists, and so should her sister to those of the violinists, for she has a fine warm tone, first-rate technique, and a particularly smooth and pleasant style. Her Concerto by Nardini was delightfully played, and in a group of Kreisler's arrangements she made one think that she must have been Kreisler's pupil.

The Klingler Quartett from Berlin played again at the most recent concert of the Classical Society, and gave a really beautiful performance of Schubert's G major Quartett, which has been a good deal heard this season. Of Schubert, as of Bach and Mozart, the words which Berlioz once said of himself are strictly true: "I did not search for ideas, I let them come." And he who would play Schubert must play with an air of impromptu, as if the music was just then flowing for the first time from his fingers. This is what the Klingler Quartett was successful in doing. They were animated, tender, lyrical, exuberant, not as if they were trying to be so, but because they could not help it, and the technique of their performance was as perfect as its spirit. We liked Mr. Klingler and Mr. Rywkind for not being afraid, in these modern, impatient days of playing one of the once popular violin duets of Spohr. No one would say that this is great music, but it is very melodious and elegant, and quite remarkable as a specimen of pure violin-writing. It is the fashion now to sneer at Spohr, to call his music effeminate, &c. He is to be put away, with Mendelssohn, by the uncritical spirits of the times, as something too weak and even unwholesome to be put up with. He was once too popular, and we heard too much of him, and so there has

come a reaction. But the best of Spohr's music will always be worthy of an occasional hearing.

Miss Kimpton, the energetic organiser of the Orchestral Concerts for Young People, will soon have to migrate from Steinway Hall to a more spacious room, so large is the audience she has come to attract. Her choice of Brahms' Academic Overture, two movements of a Concerto by Mozart, German's "Gipsy Suite," and some of Schumann's songs (charmingly sung by Miss von Glehn), was suitable enough; but we cannot think Dr. Ernest Walker's playing of Mozart likely to recommend that composer to the love of budding pianists. The charm of Mozart is probably too subtle for the comprehension of the schoolroom, and it would appear that it is also too subtle for some, at least, of the young people's instructors. Dr. Buck, of Harrow School, was to have lectured on "What is Meant by Form," as well as on "Tones of the Instrument" (with which subject an earlier lecturer had already dealt); but he did not tell us much about form.

Kreisler played Elgar's Violin Concerto once more at Queen's Hall on Saturday. The combination of composer and interpreter is still sufficient to fill every seat in that large building. His playing of the difficult music is not less marvellous than it was; but neither he nor Sir Henry Wood's orchestra is able to convince us that in the first two movements we have really great music. The Finale may almost be great; at any rate, it is exceedingly picturesque and effective and novel. We know the work well by this time; but we cannot accept the vaunted "nobility" of the Allegro, brilliantly as its themes are dressed up, unless it is as we accept the nobility of Louis XIV. in his robes of State, and Thackeray's twin portraits of that monarch are recalled as we listen to, or play, the swelling periods of the movement. Nor can we believe that the "divine simplicity" of the Andante originated in a cottage among pure unsophisticated folk. It is very pretty, no doubt, this Andante; we wish it were uglier, and had more "grit" in it.

#### SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. PAUL REBOUX, who combines the functions of literary critic of the *Journal* and President of "l'Association des Critiques littéraires et Bibliographes," is also a distinguished novelist. He has already given us "La Maison de Danses," "Le Phare," "Josette," &c., and, in collaboration with Charles Muller, those curious volumes entitled "A la manière de . . .," which contain exceedingly clever imitative compositions of the leading writers. In his latest work, "La Petite Papacoda," he guides us through the populous quarters of Naples, and reveals to us the peculiar morals of Neapolitan curio-dealers.

Don Gennaro Visotti is a middle-aged antiquary, who sells curiosities he declares to be authentic: he easily persuades his clients of the veracity of his statements. In reality the objects they buy are only cleverly imitated duplicates, the work of an ingenious, but poor, young artist, Lorenzo Silvestri, who contributes willingly to the systematic swindling in order to earn the few lire he sadly needs. Gennaro lives among his real and false antiquities, his sole companion being Orsola, his sister-in-law, a withered bigot, who spends her leisure hours in orisons, which do not seem, however, to mollify in any way her acrimonious character. One day he catches sight at a friend's house of a young girl mending some lace, a remarkable beauty, and Gennaro finds his heart beating faster as he looks at her. He contrives, by an artifice, to have "la Petite Papacoda" come to his house in order to repair some lace. The more he

sees her the more deeply he becomes enamoured of her. At first Luisella Papacoda does not notice his infatuation. She is the daughter of a fried-fish dealer of the Via Lavinaio—a picturesque but filthy street, where all the inhabitants seem to live on the sidewalks, and pursue their multifarious professions in the open air. She is happy to find in Gennaro a kind, elderly friend. But Orsola becomes infuriated when she discovers Gennaro's growing tenderness for Luisella—for Orsola has ever nourished the secret hope that she might eventually replace her poor, dead sister in Gennaro's affections. She succeeds in driving away Luisella under a false accusation, and the scene which depicts this episode is extremely vivid.

Gennaro soon discovers, however, that, far from having stolen anything, Luisella has one night defended the shop at the risk of her life against some burglars, including her sister Teresella and this sympathetic young person's lover. In his contrition Gennaro rushes off to the Via Lavinaio, where Luisella receives him with open arms, and he becomes the intimate friend of the whole edifying Papacoda family. With the profits he has realised from the sale of a statue discovered in the neighbourhood of Pompeii he sets up a flower-shop for Luisella. Until then he has only been a kind friend to her; but the inevitable soon follows, and from that moment all his sorrow begins. Luisella certainly cares for him, but he might be her father in age. So when one day a fine young man, with an irresistible moustache (the same Lorenzo Silvestri already mentioned) passes by the flower-shop, and notices Luisella, she is conquered by his soft words and flashing eyes, and soon responds. When Gennaro learns the truth he enters into a truly Neapolitan fury. He goes at once to the country inn where the lovers are to meet, but seeing them together, so young, so handsome, so deeply enamoured, his rage abates. He realises bitterly that he has passed the age of playing the part of a lover, and that it would be cruel to separate them. He turns and goes slowly away, solitary and old, lamenting over his lost youth.

The members of the Papacoda family are well depicted, with their joviality, and more than accommodating morality, which is both amusing and disconcerting. Gennaro's character is cleverly drawn: artist, yet withal utterly unscrupulous, passionate, yet kind at heart, he is, despite his numerous defects and absurdities, sympathetic. And from his personality emanates a subtle melancholy which finds its dolorous expression in the fine passages consecrated by the author to the mercilessness of Time and Age. Especially to be remarked are the pages dealing with the falsification of antiques. M. Paul Reboux certainly excels in depicting the manner in which the most ordinary *bibelots* are given the appearance of authentic ones. Indeed, "La Petite Papacoda," besides being a most agreeable recreation, will prove of real value to those travellers who are apt to allow themselves to be deceived by the eloquence of dishonest antiquity-dealers.

"En Allemagne: La Bavière et la Saxe," by M. Jules Huret, is the sequence of the author's preceding studies on Germany. It is a very serious volume, containing the results of personal inquiry made by M. Huret, and contains information of the most heterogeneous kind. There is even, perhaps, a too great profusion of ideas and statements. The reader is at first slightly bewildered. It also appears to us that M. Huret has insisted rather too much on the beer-and-sausage side of the German character. Are there not a great many other questions which might have proved more entertaining? "La Bavière et la Saxe" contains, nevertheless, some extremely amusing observations on the mixture of idealism and materialism to be found in most German souls. Among the chapters to be especially noted is the one dealing with the "Simplicissimus" of Munich, narrating

the struggle this celebrated satirical periodical had to go through before attaining its present colossal success.

The book contains a very detailed study of "particularism" in Germany. M. Huret declares that he "does not believe in a permanent secession between the different states composing the German Empire," nor in the "actual existence of a particularism." He esteems that each year the national sentiment of solidarity augments, and that it is the interest of the different states to remain united, as their prosperity came with the Empire. "They are Imperialists by reason," he observes. Nevertheless, he recognises that there exist social animosities and religious dissensions, which continue, despite even the interest which unites the different parts of the Empire. M. Huret has also gathered many amusing anecdotes on German thought and character, some of which relate to the person of the Kaiser. No doubt it must have been these "Notes et Croquis," in particular, which caused the censor to prohibit the sale of M. Huret's work on German territory. They are really not very malicious, and the prohibition to sell his book seems to be the best proof that a great many of M. Huret's observations are correct—perhaps even too correct, in fact, for German *amour-propre*. English people will surely read this volume with real attention; those who have travelled in Germany will be particularly interested to compare their impressions with those of the celebrated French writer and essayist.

Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's last work, "Au Cœur du Harem," transports us to the Egypt of twenty-five years ago. We penetrate into the most intimate life of the Egyptians of that epoch, and a great many of the innermost thoughts of the Egyptian woman's rather primitive soul are revealed to us. Mme. Jehan d'Ivray has written in the form of an autobiography; she retraces, in the first person, the impressions of a young Frenchwoman, married to an Egyptian, when first brought into contact with her new family and surroundings. The contrast of thought and morality existing between the European girl and the women of her Egyptian uncle's harem is extremely well observed. Numbers of strange customs are recorded, all seeming to prove the infinite advantages the Egyptians—and especially the women—must have derived since the era of English influence. Ceremonies strangely incomprehensible to European thought are also described, such as the wedding festivities and the rites relative to funerals. From Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's account the palaces of the pachas and the princes of a quarter of a century ago must have been the centres of innumerable base intrigues, and the refuges of a considerable feminine population, whose highest aim in life was to win the master's favour in the hope of being elevated to the dignity of princess if they had the good luck of presenting their lord with an heir.

Some of the most interesting pages of "Au Cœur du Harem," which is written in an agreeable style, though occasionally marred by phrases a trifle too familiar, are consecrated to curious anecdotes of the reigns of the ancient pachas. In the sombre dramas which occurred in the silent crumbling palaces the women appear to have taken a no less active part than the men. These stories of the past give to Mme. Jehan d'Ivray's work a real historical value. Without doubt this book will prove specially entertaining to all who take an interest in the thought and customs of exotic life.

MARC LOGÉ.

#### NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE spring-tide of books is still in the height of its flow. February has seen many interesting and valuable additions to literature; but March bids fair to outdo it numerically and intrinsically. Under the heading of Letters and

Poetry there are shortly to appear "Greek Love Songs and Epigrams," a charming book by Mr. J. A. Pott, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul; "Japanese Poetry" is a volume published by Mr. John Murray, which, profusely illustrated by Japanese artists, gives the key to the understanding of the Oriental mind in poetry; the author is Mr. Basil Hall. Mr. Havelock Ellis, through the well-known firm of Messrs. Constable, is at last bringing out "The World of Dreams," a work upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time. He treats the subject from a very personal point of view, and quotes only those incidents which have happened to personal friends or to himself. Messrs. Constable also announce a volume entitled "Nietzsche and Art," by Mr. A. M. Ludovici. From Messrs. Blackwood is shortly to come "A History of English Criticism," written by Professor George Saintsbury; while "Lectures on John Ruskin," by Mr. A. C. Benson, are announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. The inevitable whisker-man, Mr. Frank Richardson, is responsible for a volume of verse entitled, aptly enough, "Shavings;" this is to come out under the auspices of Mr. Nash. "The Ashes of God" is the title of a book by Mr. F. W. Bain, published by Messrs. Methuen.

The list of fiction is distinctly promising. Mr. R. W. Service, the Kipling of Canada, has turned his attentions momentarily to prose. If his book "The Trail of '98" is as strong as his two previous books of verse, it should indeed prove worth looking out for. It is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is also bringing out Mr. Marion Crawford's "Uncanny Tales;" "A Reconstructed Marriage," by Miss Amelia E. Barr; "Leslie's Lovers," by Mrs. Anne Warner; and the "Hand of Diane," by Mr. Percy J. Hartley. Messrs. Arrowsmith announce Mr. A. Quiller-Couch's "Brother Copes." Lucas Malet has written a new novel. Its title is "Adrian Savage," and Messrs. Hutchinson are bringing it out. From Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. is to come Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Brazenhead and other Epic Sections." Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have on their list Mr. Justus M. Forman's "The Unknown Lady;" "Mother and Son," by Mrs. L. T. Meade; "The Big Fire," by Mr. Ambrose Pratt; "Rogue in Ambush," by Headon Hill; and a book by Mr. Tom Gallon, entitled "Dead Man's Love." Mr. St. John Adcock's new novel, "A Man with a Past," is being published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. This enterprising firm is also bringing out Matilde Serao's "The Desire of Life;" "Two Girls and a Manikin," by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren; and "A Woman's Honour," by Mr. Christopher Wilson. Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's name, as the author of "Perpetua," is in the list of Messrs. Alston Rivers, which list includes "The Reign of the Saints," by Mr. John Trevena. The writer of stirring travel-novels, Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, has written "The Land of Promises," and it will be published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie. Messrs. Methuen have secured the following works: Mr. Robert Hichens' "The Dweller on the Threshold;" Mrs. Maude Annesley's "Shadow Shapes;" Archibald Marshall's "The Eldest Son;" and Mr. Martin Swayne's "Richard in the Pantry." Marcelle Tinayre's "The Shadow of Love" is being published by Mr. John Lane. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's list includes "Love in Pernicketty Town," by Mr. S. R. Crockett; "The Woman in It," by Mr. Charles Garvice; "The Falling Star," by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim; and "Poor Emma," by Miss Evelyn Tempest. Mr. Martin Secker, whose books are so artistically finished, is bringing out, among others, "The Hoof-Marks of the Faun," by Mr. Arthur Ransome. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have for early publication a new novel by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who has broken fresh ground. The psychological study of such a man as was the hero of Mr. Hamilton's "The Infinite Capacity" finds no place in this new novel, whose title is "The Princess of New York." It concerns

the misadventures of an American girl in London who falls into the hands of a band of aristocratic sharpers, from whom she is only saved by the intervention of an Oxford man.

Of interesting travel books there may be picked out especially from a copious list Dr. Jean Charcot's "The Voyage of the 'Why Not' in the Antarctic," which is being brought out by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; "The Danube with Pen and Pencil," by Mr. Granville Baker (who is *not* the translator of "Schwitzler" at the Palace), published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.; "Letters from Finland," by Mrs. Rosalind Travers, through Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.; "Belgium of the Belgians," by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. Amongst General Literature may be included Mr. Keble Chatterton's "The Story of the British Navy" (Messrs. Mills and Boon); "The Suffragette," a history, by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst (Messrs. Gay and Hancock); a study of social life in South London by Mr. Alexander Paterson, entitled "Across the Bridges" (Mr. Edward Arnold); "German Influence on British Cavalry," by Erskine Childers (Messrs. A. and C. Black); "The Evolution of Sea-Power," by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson (Messrs. Longman and Co.).

## MAGAZINES

THE appearance of a new magazine is in itself a sufficient recommendation to primary attention; that such a magazine should be called the *Irish Review* makes the recommendation imperious. The lover of Art in the British Isles is learning—if indeed he has not learnt—to look appreciatively to Ireland for a certain earnest progression that is not manifested elsewhere. It is very manifest in Dramatic Art—in fact, much of the impact of progress in Dramatic Art has come from Dublin, and in connection with that there has arisen a literature which has produced J. M. Synge and Mr. W. B. Yeats. In the pictorial field Dublin has not yet drawn attention to itself, but it will do so during the next few years. Therefore we picked up the *Irish Review* with more than ordinary interest, and were disappointed. Not that there is not good matter in it. Mr. Orpen's frontispiece, "The Fairy Ring," is both distinctive and characteristic. Also Mr. George Moore's story is good; and Miss Mary Maguire's article on Synge, if not as complete as we should like it, is yet excellent. The poetry, perhaps, is the most disappointing, being neither pure nor unaffected. But there are deeper-seated faults. For example, it is very slight—so slight, indeed, that there is not room in it for much matter. The price (the modest sixpenny-piece) is largely responsible for this, of course; but even so, this is only to put the charge of slightness on a different ground. For twice that sum could very easily have been paid, and the magazine thereby more than doubled in size and importance. Moreover, we notice certain signs in it of what may be called "the rapier-touch" that lead one to diagnose internecine cleavage, which, however lamentably characteristic of the Hibernian, is nevertheless unfortunate from the standpoint of united literature. Such a review is needed so greatly that it should be authoritative and weighty.

Among the ordinary magazines the *Fortnightly* is an interesting number. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch takes priority in place and importance with a timely article on "The Baghdad Railway." In the first earnest flush of a *rapprochement* with Germany it would be obviously easy to concede unwise advantages in the matter of the railway through the Mesopotamian plain. For the right understanding of the problem a clear statement of its difficulties is necessary, and this Mr. Lynch does admirably. He shows that, whereas

the main line of the railway is to proceed through the Mesopotamian plain to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf, a branch line will diverge at Killis to link up with the Aleppo-Damascus Railway, turning away at Damascus south-westerly towards Egypt. In this way a vast scheme is projected, the inevitable result of which would be to give Asia Minor, and therefore the German predominant influence in Asia Minor, a strong strategic hold on Egypt and the Suez Canal, on one hand, and the Persian Gulf on the other, and thus in its turn give it the key to India and the East. That Germany is not indifferent to this he shows by apt quotation. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has a well-informed and yet wholly uncritical article on "Christina Rossetti." One of the best contributions is that by Mr. Filson Young on "The Musician as Composer." It is one of the most genuine contributions to original musical thinking that we remember having seen for some time. It is not criticism, strictly conceived as such; it is, as we have put it, musical thinking. Mr. Young opens out the inner methods of musical composition, and traces the lines of descent in the various composers with extraordinary illumination and interest.

The "Declaration of London" leaves its influence through all the Magazines, and it is as well to treat of the several articles together. It is significant that the voices are in favour of it, Rear-Admiral Montague being the only dissentient. Mr. Frederick Harrison has the most popular of the articles in the *English Review*. He points out (as was necessary) that however the arguments are to proceed, the main matter to be remembered now is not whether our advantages are as great in the Declaration as they might be, but whether they are or are not greater than in the *status quo*. He instances one or two points in which the Declaration concedes advantages that are not only relative, being more distinct, but also positive, being of the nature of substantial gains. In the *Nineteenth Century* two voices are heard: Mr. Wilson Potter's in favour and Admiral Montague's against. Mr. Potter's article is in some sort an analysis, whereas Admiral Montague's is a short and undetailed protest. The most detailed of them all, however, is an article in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "A Defence of the Declaration of London," and signed "Excubitor." This is additionally valuable as it traces the historical growth of the late Convention. The most necessary of all articles yet remains to be done, to wit, an examination of the root of all the present matter: Nelson's brilliant blockade of France, together with an analysis of the Declaration of Paris, 1856, and the present Declaration. Only thus can Mr. Gibson Bowles' spirited objection be met, for it is true that he does not desire the *status quo ante* 1856. His is a vigorous appeal for the Nelson splendour.

Other articles in the *Fortnightly* are "The Théâtre Français in the Fifties," by Francis Gribble, and a sketch of the life and work of Björnstjerne Björnson by Robert Mackray. In the *Nineteenth Century* is an interesting article by Bernhard and Ellen Wishaw on "The Copts in Spain," tracing the substrata of Copts dating from the invasion of Andalusia, by Musa Ibn Norier. Professor Jastrow in "The Will to Believe in the Supernatural" deals with a perplexed question in rather a safe way by postulating special senses for the perception of the supernatural; and in rather an obvious way, too, perhaps. An admirable and excellent paper, the scope of which is well stated by its title, is that by M. André Beaunier on "Charles Baudelaire et l'Esthétique de la Décadence."

The poems in the *English Review* are always interesting, even if they are not often distinctive. Mr. Robert Bridges breaks a long silence with a poem curiously unlike much of the rest of his work. In "The Ballad of Iskander" he endeavours to catch, but does not succeed in catching, the mystical wonder of "The Ancient Mariner;" nor does his

scheme of rhyming (quatrains rhymed in couplets) aid in producing the true ballad colour. "The Dead Dryad," by Wilfrid Thorley, is good as a far echo of Swinburne. Among the prose articles "Diplomatist" deals with the very perplexed question, "What is the Dual Alliance?" a question that has excited attention since the Potsdam meeting of last November. "On Fairies" is the tempting title of a curious essay by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The matter of fairy-vision and fairy-intimacy in certain parts of the West of Ireland is one thing; to read it in Saxon, misbelieving England, is quite another. This adds greater zest to the article, not the least charm of which is its wise acceptance of the fact, and an exposition of it in the light of that acceptance. The much-debated Mr. Neil Lyons has a short story in this number, for which we prognosticate considerable misunderstanding and raised eyebrows. As a dramatic setting of imbecility of formidable processes of law with those that have not yet had an opportunity of learning what weighty things are life and death, it would be hard to rival. Brief as it is, it is remorseless and terrible. It is perhaps too much of a cameo, seeing how great its subject is. Yoshio Markino continues, and concludes, his "My Idealed John Bullesses," while Mr. Richard Whiteing has a characteristic story in the same review.

Rarely do we find an excellent short story, and, when found, it is worthy of a note. Such a story will be found in *Harper's*, entitled "Man and Dog." It is by Mr. Laurence Housman.

### THE FIVE FREE LIBRARIES

"I HAVE the good fortune," said Wilkinson, "to live within easy reach of five Free Libraries. Or, rather, it is not good fortune. For, being of a studious turn of mind, I deliberately chose that central spot in order that I might in my sufficient leisure before bedtime take full advantage of all five. There was nothing else there to attract me. The district was like a desert with five oases, or a broad field planted with five noble trees. For me, however, the five libraries were enough. I thought fondly, even in the great, great labour of moving, of the fine times that were before me. How I would wander from one to the other in the cool evenings! What an intimate knowledge I should gain of their five characters! How I should be able to balance one against two, three against four, and, having exhausted these in vain, triumphantly discover the very book at last in five! What an expert knowledge I should now gain of every shelf in each—being almost on nodding terms with every volume! It might really have been a fairy-story. I could have imagined myself to be the Wizard with Five Fair Daughters—the King with Five Rich Jewels. I felt myself to be the equal of all men, however fortunate. I had met with opportunity at last. I determined to waste not a moment of my precious time. I planned therefore, after deep thought, a comprehensive scheme of study—down to the last half-hour. It gave me a deep pleasure even to read it over. 'On the evening of my ninety-second birthday,' said I joyfully, 'I shall be able to lean back suddenly in my chair and cry out, 'I am Master of all Knowledge.'

"At the beginning things went famously. I began to exult at the rapidity of my progress from the very first day. I had seven weeks of absolute triumph. And then came the pitiful crash.

"I discovered one evening that I had exhausted Library Number One upon my special subject. I had mastered the twenty volumes it contained, and must seek deeper knowledge somewhere else. I ask you to believe that I was not troubled by this necessity. Without misgiving, I went gaily, even carelessly, to Number Two. And then did the tragic truth suddenly strike me stupid! For Number Two was

an exact duplicate of Number One. The books in Numbers Three and Four were almost precisely similar. In Number Five I could find nothing but an echo.

"Oh! my revered friend the shelf-room that was occupied by Marie Corelli! Oh! the elementary books already read and multiplied five times! Oh! the unattainable fat guinea quartos! . . . Out of my despair came an idea. I sat down on the top of Hampstead Heath, and I evolved a scheme, and saw a vision.

"How easily might these libraries be co-ordinated, worked together! It is, of course, impossible to concentrate in every parish the whole wisdom and knowledge of all ages. But suppose an annual conference, and an amiable partition? Spheres of influence, my boy, and all that? So that we could count on finding in every free library the general classics and such indispensable works as all must have; and after that, in some quiet room, or corner of a room, a specialist collection of books on one subject or even one branch of a subject. In every parish there would then be available a complete and easily accessible collection of literature on some special subject—feeding the desire for disciplined knowledge, giving it direction and an impulse. And around each of these collections there would slowly gather a little group of students. Think of the potent possibilities in the influence of that little circle! The subject they studied might eventually become almost a part of the life of the borough. Imagine the debates in the Council over the purchase of some rare and costly work. We should find the Marylebone pundits electing a man Mayor because of his deep knowledge of the Early Heretics. The eldest student of the graphic and plastic arts might come to be revered throughout all Putney.

"Then should Paddington's large knowledge of political principle breed disputes in the public-houses; and all Chelsea men be learned in Church matters. Around Westminster would grow up a school of history. The Brixton theories might come to astound the world. Fulham should be the famous home of all philosophers.

"A man's library-ticket would in those times become a sort of literary passport. I imagine the hungry student wandering rapturously over London, sure of a cordial welcome, franked by the local librarian's pasteboard. We can see in the dim future the whole staff of the Hackney Library lined up on the pavement to cheer the advent of yet another scholar. A locality would derive honour from the number of the students working within its confines; and steps would be taken to maintain or increase this number by the enthusiasts of the districts. We may yet live to see a sort of literary press-gang visiting the schools with a view to the early capture of possible mathematicians, and the man who has proved his worth at Sanskrit will surely be struggled for and almost torn to pieces.

"In these days," concluded Wilkinson, "we might become learned at little cost by mere expenditure of effort. Meanwhile we live in London and read the monthly magazines five times!"

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS

#### THE NEW ERA IN RUSSIA

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

The jubilee celebrations just held in St. Petersburg in connection with the emancipation of the serfs have been the occasion of a striking demonstration of peasant loyalty towards the Throne of the Tsars which is not without its special significance at the present moment. The friends of Russia see in this, and in other equally remarkable signs of the times, material evidence that internal strife on any

serious scale is now finally at an end, and, without laying themselves open to the charge of excessive optimism, have come to the conclusion that the Empire has entered upon a new era of genuine and abiding progress. Since the liberation of the serfs by Alexander II., fifty years ago, Russia has undergone many weary tribulations. On the whole, however, it can truthfully be said that Nicholas II. has continued, in the same wise spirit of toleration and with equal success, the noble work inaugurated by his illustrious predecessor. Practically all traces of the black period of war and revolution have now disappeared. Recently the Emperor has several times emerged from the isolation of Tsarskoe Selo, and in the open thoroughfares of the capital has been joyously acclaimed by his people. Throughout the length and breadth of the land peaceful development is everywhere manifest, and at no stage in history were the State finances so flourishing as they are at the present moment.

Events have proved that the hour brought forth the man. In spite of all evil prophecies to the contrary, M. Stolypin has shown himself capable of handling a situation as complex and difficult as the imagination can conceive. It has fallen to the lot of few statesmen to guide the destinies of a nation through times more troubled than those which existed in Russia when the present Premier assumed office. An almost senile autocracy still clutched, although in a death grip, the reins of Government; while a new-born democracy, its lungs filling with the fresh air of freedom so long denied its parents, cried aloud with infantile vigour and irresponsibility for the right to rule in all things. M. Stolypin has succeeded, so far, in steering a middle course. His tenure of office has been marked by steady reform, which has spread contentment throughout the Empire by the sure process of creating prosperity, and which, moreover, has had the effect of raising the credit and thus restoring the prestige of Russia in all quarters of the world. Gathered round the Premier are a number of brilliant statesmen of whom it is no exaggeration to say that their constructive work in the grand scheme of State reorganisation is destined to allot them a place of honour in history. And prominent among these stands M. Kokovtsoff, whose financial genius has proved one of the determining factors in the establishment of a new era of national prosperity.

In 1905-6 Dr. Rudolph Martin, the German economist, labouring, so he said, under a sense of great responsibility, published certain sensational books in which he boldly predicted the imminent State bankruptcy of Russia. Needless to say, these books created some stir throughout Europe, and Dr. Martin, boasting that his statements had the effect of lowering Russian credit in all directions, even went so far as to attribute to their influence the refusal of Germany to participate in any more loans to Russia. At the time M. Kokovtsoff somewhat contemptuously termed Dr. Martin's elaborate series of deductions "twaddle," but the German publicist vigorously protested the accuracy of his assertions:

We are often told (he wrote) that the future of Russia is wrapped in darkness, that no one can foretell how it will develop during the next few years. This view is incorrect. The first year of the Russian Revolution, which came to an end on October 27th, 1906, has made it plain that the Russian Empire is slowly but surely approaching a reign of terror, a State bankruptcy and dissolution. . . . A recovery from its political, social, economical, and financial injuries is impossible, since there is not even the serious desire for reform. . . . The position of the peasants is growing worse instead of better. . . . The debts of the State are growing, and its credit is beginning to suffer.

In certain circumstances prophecy becomes an entertaining and a perfectly harmless pastime, but when it is employed with

the avowed object of impairing the credit of a great State and scaring investors in Government-guaranteed securities, then it may reasonably be submitted to critical examination in the light of subsequent events, so that, if the results afford justification, the credit, in turn, of its author may, too, be "impaired" and his readers "scared" of his writings. A critical examination of this kind in the present instance compels the conclusion that Dr. Martin, in spite of his position as a Government Councillor at the Imperial Statistical Office in Berlin—a position which suggests some qualification for the task he undertook—has so woefully mishandled figures that he has entirely perverted the lessons to be learnt from those figures. Far from bordering on bankruptcy and strife, Russia is to-day, as I have already said, both prosperous and tranquil. At the close of the war with Japan there was an actual deficit in the resources of the country to the extent of fifteen or sixteen millions sterling. Early in the *post-bellum* period, however, a balance on the right side came into existence, and this, increasing largely as a result of the widespread prosperity which has followed the bounteous harvests of the last two years, now stands at nearly £33,000,000. As four-fifths of her population gain a livelihood from agriculture, it is upon this branch of industry that the stability of Russia is founded.

The accumulation of an enormous reserve in State funds creates an insurance against calamitous results in the event of the failure or partial failure of crops. Moreover, it provides ample means for the extraordinary expenditure required for the restoration of armaments, and for the development of railways on a gigantic scale, development which includes, among other huge undertakings, the doubling of the great Siberian system and the building of the Amur line, which is to establish communication through all-Russian territory from Moscow to Vladivostock. And, finally, the generous balance in hand dispenses with the need for further loans to meet the demands of the annual Budget. I have given merely a single, though perhaps the most striking, illustration of the present-day affluence of the Russian Empire, but it is permissible to say that in no department of State finance or in no sphere of activity that bears relation to the country's welfare are any save the most gratifying signs of real progress to be observed. Thus we find the National Debt is diminishing, the State revenue and the volume of trade increasing; bank transactions are growing and deposits accumulating; the capital of joint-stock companies has expanded enormously, and the price of shares and securities gone up by leaps and bounds until to-day Russia offers some of the soundest and most tempting investments to be found in any part of the world; and, finally, the State is devoting large sums of money to extending educational facilities and promoting productive undertakings, the transference of land from communal to private ownership is being conducted with conspicuous success, and the peasants are responding to encouragement in the direction of adopting improved methods and machinery in agriculture, all of which, by multiplying the annual yield, must ultimately enhance the prosperity of the country.

The gold reserve at the State Bank has reached the enormous sum of £147,000,000, and during the whole of the last corn season the discount rate of this institution was, for the first time, lower than that ruling in Germany. What has Dr. Martin to say to facts such as these—Dr. Martin, who in 1906 so confidently predicted the collapse of the Russian gold-standard and the cessation of payment of all dividends to foreign bondholders? "When, presently," cried Dr. Martin, in his panic, "Russian State securities have fallen some 30 or 40 per cent., there will be intense dissatisfaction in all German capitalist circles. . . . The crisis will spread to trade and industries." As a matter of

undisputed fact, whereas the price of English Consols and the German Loan has shown a distinct tendency to decline since 1906—the year, it will be recalled, when Dr. Martin framed his frantic indictment—Russian State securities have risen steadily, until now they indicate a credit which compares favourably with that enjoyed by any other country. All the civilised world will rejoice ungrudgingly in that Russia, whose heavy burden of national debt was increased one-third by the ravages of war and revolution, has regained her financial buoyancy, and returned to the fulness of her powers as a great State. Thus are the critics confounded—the critics who, ignoring the fund of brilliant statesmanship at her disposal, her wonderful capacity for recuperation due to the possession of illimitable resources, and the qualities of patience and courage inherent in her people, sought in the hour of her tribulation to add to her embarrassment by departing from the canons of fair criticism to indulge in damaging speculation founded upon malignant distortion.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Cophall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS is dull. The tone is good, but no one wants to speculate, and the investor does not seem inclined to come into the market at the moment. The new companies are not going well, and promoters are nervous. The public has had variety. It has been given a wide choice—a pulp and paper mills with certified profits; a speculative debenture is a contradiction in terms, but it catches some people; an oil venture in California, with contracts ready made for all the oil, contracts at a higher price than that now ruling, which contracts will have therefore to be enforced at the point of the law. I do not believe in contracts upon which one side makes a heavy loss; they often end in trouble. Messrs. Dunn, Fischer and Company offered some second mortgages on the Rio Trams, but who ever panted for a second mortgage? The British and Continental Tea Plantations and another smaller enterprise in tea also came before us. The City does not understand tea, and very properly leaves it to those who do. The average human being thinks tea shares fully valued to-day, and dislikes the puffs that punctuate the City articles of our evening press. Messrs. Barings, in conjunction with the Banque de Paris et de Pays-Bas and its ally, the Société Générale, have offered 4 per cent. bonds in the Central Pacific—a sound security. I hear Salisbury Jones has a rubber company on the stocks, the Tirucalli. It intends to extract rubber from a species of Euphorbia—the latex yields 10 per cent. rubber and 50 per cent. resin. So why I call it a rubber company I don't know. It reminds me of a visit I once paid to New Zealand. I spent a day crawling through the levels of the Woodstock Gold Mine. Then I asked to see the assay map. "But it's a silver mine," I remarked. "Oh, yes," replied the then manager, "but if we had called it a silver mine no one would have bought the shares."

MONEY is cheap, and we shall get another fall in the Bank Rate. This will help the gilt-edged market, and, despite the sneers of the City, Consols will gradually regain their old values. Lord St. Aldwyn has lent his powerful aid to those who agitate for a £50 bearer bond with coupons attached. Once we can get Consols distributed throughout the country and locked away in money-boxes the price is bound to rise to 90, and may even see par. The procedure would be simple; it would aid thrift and improve the credit of the nation. It is no new thing. It has been tried on the Continent and found successful.

FOREIGNERS are dull on the whole. But the extremely acute are picking up all the Central American Government

bonds. They are a little previous, but it is well known that the United States does not intend to allow these Central American republics a free hand very much longer. She will gradually acquire a financial and political control, for she is determined to be master of the whole of northern South America. I hear bad reports of the Argentine. The drought has been serious, and the farmers have sustained losses. The country is not in a position to stand two or three bad crops in succession, for it does not save, and all its wealth is in land. It has borrowed heavily on the Continent. A good harvest next year would set everybody upon their legs again, but a bad harvest would be dangerous. Therefore wise people should get out of Argentines. They will have plenty of chances of buying back if all goes well in South America.

HOME RAILS are still the best market in the House, but a bull account is being built up, and we might get one or two reactions during the next few months. Nevertheless, the main tendency will be upwards. Investors must bear in mind that all first-class securities will rise during the present year and that the fashion in stocks has changed. A year ago we all desired to place our money abroad. Now we prefer Great Britain. The trade returns show large increases, and the imports of cotton should draw the attention of investors to Lancashire and Yorkshire, which still remain under par, and are therefore undervalued. Speculators buy the cheap stocks because the contangoes are less heavy, but such stocks do not appear to me worth attention at the moment, for the bull account is large. A gambler who can wait two years might purchase Great Central deferred and double his money. Great Easterns are also certain to rise. As a sound investment, Great Western and North Eastern are the best stocks, for I cannot follow those who think Midland deferred worth 90.

YANKEES, although supported by the great banking houses, have not yet got over their shock. Elliot has been secured for the Missouri Pacific, and Kuhn Loeb will take this railway in hand; the speculators jumped in, and may have to jump out again, for big bankers do not like to be forestalled. However, we may rely upon all the great houses remaining optimistic, for they have many large loans to place, and their operations require a steady market. There is no bull account here, and very little in New York.

RUBBER.—The jobbers are idle. The public has evidently satisfied its appetite and considers the present level of values unattractive. They bravely decline to purchase the fancy stocks which some writers call cheap. None can deny their cheapness, the only point is their quality. I am not aware of any Malay plantations, well planted, well managed, and upon good soil, which have been neglected during the recent rise. If rubber holds, and at the moment it looks a little weak, then all the shares will be cheap. But a strong market in raw rubber depends upon the Bank of Brazil and its clients, the Aviadoring houses of Para and Manaos. This combination is probably at the moment engaged in fighting dealers like G. A. Witt, Heilbut Symons, and Alden and Company, whose whole interest lies in keeping down the price of Fine Hard Cured Para. Both sides are wealthy and bold. I am inclined to back the dealers. Technically the market in the Stock Exchange is hard.

OIL.—Notwithstanding the apathy of the public, oil shares remain very steady. The good Maikop companies, and there are not many, want money. They will get it. The bad ones also want money, but only an oil boom will save them. I see little chances of any boom. Oil as an industry, given a good field and plenty of capital, is sound; but the majority of the oil propositions now dealt in on the Stock Exchange are doubtful gambles, and cannot under any circumstances be called sound industrial propositions. The sanguine George Macdonald having failed to interest the British public in his Ferghana Oilfields has put the shares on the Coulisse in Paris. But the French are unlucky in oil. The Paris Rothschilds are deeply interested in Russian oil, Austrian oil, and Dutch oil. This has lured the Frenchman into the oil market, and he is likely to lose his money. Spies look a rising market.

KAFFIRS.—The jobbers are so detestably pessimistic that

one might almost suppose them short of shares. In which case we might see a rise. But the public is not inclined to speculate in Kaffirs, and it does not find even the bait of 7 per cent. attractive. It can get this, and allow 4 per cent. for amortization. But it remains cold.

**RHODESIANS.**—Giants crushed 10,533 tons for just under 20s. a ton profit. But no one buys mining shares. The account was not heavy, but many holders have taken their shares off the market and pawned them. This has not helped us, for pawned shares are, if anything, more dangerous than those openly carried.

**THE JUNGLE.**—One does not often speak of Jungle shares. They have been dead these many months. Yet the week began with a smart spurt in this neglected market. I imagined a few jobbers had sold short and had become stale bears. Edmund Davis may have given them a twist. Assuredly the public did not buy. The move was entirely professional.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The main incident in this market has been the news that the electric light companies intend to amalgamate. They will require the consent of Parliament, but no one anticipates any difficulty. I again repeat that all the shares in this market are much too low.

#### THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK.

I congratulate Mr. H. H. Hambling upon his promotion. Not so many years ago he was managing a branch in the wilds of Kilburn, then he became manager of a new branch in St. Paul's Churchyard. He did not remain longer than was necessary to make the branch a success, but was promptly moved up to Head Office. Now he becomes manager. The careers of Sir Edward Holden and Mr. H. H. Hambling are a proof that great business capacity is still recognised in banking circles and quickly meets with its reward.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

"CARLYLE AND MR. FRANK HARRIS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

**SIR**—In your issue of the 25th of February your critic has attempted to justify his sneer at my paper on "Carlyle," in the *English Review*. His words were: "Mr. Frank Harris has an interesting article on 'Talks with Carlyle,' some of which is a little difficult to reconcile with internal probability." He now explains that the outrage on "internal probability" is to be found in my statement that Carlyle should have "grumbled at not receiving employment under the man (Disraeli) he detested." This criticism shows, in my opinion, an astonishing ignorance of Carlyle, and an even more astonishing ignorance of English political life. Let me deal first with its relation to Carlyle.

In my article Carlyle was manifestly thinking of the mission confided to Froude. Froude, it will be remembered, was sent to South Africa to give judgment on the dispute about the diamond-fields at Kimberley. The British Government had annexed the diamond-fields; the Orange Free State protested. Froude was sent out as a sort of Imperial Commissioner to determine the rights and wrongs of the case. He gave judgment in favour of the Orange Free State and against us. Evidently THE ACADEMY critic imagines that allegiance to a party chief is involved in the acceptance of such a mission? I believe, on the other hand, that Froude was selected chiefly because he was held to be above that party bias so dear to your critic. Froude went out to South Africa rather in the spirit of Browning:

Here and here did England help me; how can I help England—say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

I can only explain your critic's astonishing denseness by assuming that he is rather a student of literature than a student of politics. He talks of "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution"; he probably knows them better than Carlyle's political writings, or he would have recalled Carlyle's praise of a certain

Governor of Jamaica, and realised the fact that men like Carlyle and his especial "hero" Columbus care little who gives them the task so long as they get the chance of doing "God's work."

Your critic's view of English political life, too, is lower than the reality. Does he believe that all English Governors of colonies or islands only accept employment under people they like and admire? Such a doctrine would be news to our great Pro-Consuls, news to Lord Cromer, news to every great ruler from Grey to Hercules Robinson. We have not yet in England embraced the American idea, that a man only accepts office under his political friends. Sir Alfred Milner, I believe, was supposed to be a Liberal when he was given power in South Africa by a Conservative Government. Though Lord Grey was sent to Canada as Governor-General by the Conservatives, he was not displaced when the Liberals came into office. Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury's son-in-law, was appointed to the highest post in South Africa by the Conservatives, but he continued in place under the Liberals.

Kissing of course goes by favour in England as elsewhere, and a Liberal Premier usually appoints Liberals to high office as a Conservative usually appoints Conservatives; but no one in England would dream of criticising a Carlyle for accepting office offered by a Conservative Government, and the best men of the time would hold that any Government had honoured itself in honouring such a man. Our party bias goes deep in England—all too deep; but it does not yet go to the root, as your critic appears to think.—Yours truly,

FRANK HARRIS.

## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

**SIR**—Mr. Machen does not seem to me to see far, even as a controversialist. He complains that I took his argument that politics would poison woman as implying that woman would herself become a poisoning agent. My reply is that if women were to be poisoned, corrupted, and destroyed by entering into politics, how could they avoid spreading this corroding contagion?

Mr. Machen forgets, although he probably believes, as I do, that men and women are not negative forces in this world, but that the influence of each life is for ever emanating from it, either for good or evil. I maintain that politics can, be, and must be, raised from the sham and selfish scramble which Mr. Machen describes to the high level of a real science of government, carried on by principle instead of faction, and based on unselfish ideals.

The "ideal" of to-day has a way of becoming the reality of to-morrow, and if men have lost heart about this sorry delusion of politics, I myself, in common with very many other women, have confidence, hope and faith in the thought that our influence will ultimately bring about a better state of things.

E. MONEY COUTTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

**SIR**—Mr. Machen says:—"Popular politics degrade all who meddle with them; therefore it would be a pity to degrade women by bringing them into the political cesspool, more especially as we owe reverence to womankind as the source and inspiration of all art."

I confess I do not understand such an argument. What is meant by "popular politics"? Politics I understand to be the name given to a communal method of seeking a common weal. If it is a cesspool I should like to know who has made it a cesspool.

I am reminded by such an argument of the man who declines to take an interest in local affairs because he believes Councillor So-and-So to be a thief, and of another who holds that religion is another name for roguery because a priest his grandmother knew was unfrocked for immorality. Because the world contains a great admixture of evil, does Mr. Machen say, with Hamlet, "We will have no more marriages"?

No, Sir, we as individual members of the State have a responsibility which cannot be thus easily brushed aside. If "popular politics" be a cesspool, then our children's children will cry upon us that we did not lay down wholesome drainage.

Women have a responsibility in this matter which is being recognised at last. They will not shirk it because men say "It is hard work, and we have made our hands very dirty over it."

Why, if it is such a "degraded business" as this, surely common sincerity will make us abhor the society of its practitioners!

It may be pleasant to be so oblivious to "The United States of Gehenna" (Mr. Machen will remember—I do, with gratitude) that for us they do not exist, but it is wiser and more pleasant to believe that the States contain a body of honest and active citizens who are determined that the word "politician" shall not for ever remain an epithet of contempt.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

MAX PLOWMAN.

Lochnagar, Bycullah Park, Enfield, March 3rd, 1911.

#### "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though it is a small matter, please let me explain that it was Bishop Heber's *correction* of "Ceylon" to "Java," not the posthumous collection of his hymns, which I meant to say had failed to find favour. I am responsible for the mistake, whether mine or the printer's, since if I had written "alteration" instead of "correction" it could not have happened.

T. S. O.

#### "WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The most flagrant and common instance of the misuse of "whom"—indeed, it seems almost universal—is in the phrase "than whom," this being quite as unjustifiable as "than him" or "than her," which no educated person would say. Even Milton is guilty of this solecism—which must therefore be of old standing—in the lines

Satan, than whom

None higher sat, thus spake . . .

but that does not render it any the more correct.—Respectfully,  
EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### FICTION

- The Master Wit: A Story of Boccaccio.* By May Wynne. Greening and Co. 6s.  
*The Patrician.* By John Galsworthy. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.  
*Tales of the Uneasy.* By Violet Hunt. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.  
*A Reconstructed Marriage.* By Amelia E. Barr. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.  
*The Vision of Balmaine.* By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.  
*Trevor Lordship.* By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. Macmillan and Co. 6s.  
*The Unknown Lady.* By Justus M. Forman. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.  
*Cantacute Towers.* By Cecil Adair. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*The Lonely Road.* By A. E. Jacomb. Andrew Melrose. 6s.  
*John Merridew.* By Frederick Arthur. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s.  
*Isabel.* By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. Mills and Boon. 6s.  
*Jane Oglander.* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.  
*An Odd Situation.* By Henry Grey Graham. John Ouseley. 6s.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Champions of the Crown.* By Lucy Sealy. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

#### VERSE

- The Odes of John Keats.* Edited by A. R. Weekes, M.A. W. B. Clive. 1s. 6d.  
*Poems.* By Marjory Mines. Frontispiece. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.  
*Faith.* By Charles Robert Smith. A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

- Manual of Library Bookbinding, Practical and Historical.* By H. L. Coutts and G. A. Stephen. Illustrated. Libraco, Ltd.  
*Notes on Wiltshire Names.* By J. C. Longstaff. Vol. I. Place-Names. Wm. Dotesio, Bradford-on-Avon. 3s. 6d. net.  
*Mysticism: a Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness.* By Evelyn Underhill. Methuen and Co. 15s. net.

*The Temple of Life: an Outline of the True Mission of Art.* By Ernest Newlandsmit. Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

*The German Menace, and How to Meet It.* By an Englishman (F. E.). Constable and Co. 6d. net.

*The Starlit Mire.* By James Bertram and F. Russell. Illustrated by Austin Osman Spare. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Coronation Regalia: an Excursion into a Curious Bypath of Literature.* By W. H. Stacpoole, B.A., LL.D. Illustrated, Whitaker. 1s. net.

*A Coronation Souvenir.* By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. Skeffington and Son. 6d. net.

*How and Why King George will be Crowned.* By Joseph Hammond, LL.B. Illustrated. Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.

*Hymns for the Coronation of His Majesty King George V.* Words by the Bishop of Durham, &c. Music by Sir Frederick Bridge, &c. Skeffington and Son. 1s. net.

*Non-Governmental Society.* By Edward Carpenter. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.

*State Socialism and Anarchism; How Far they Agree and Wherein they Differ.* By Benj. R. Tucker. A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.

*British Rights at Sea under the Declaration of London.* By F. E. Bray. P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.

#### THEOLOGY

*Religion of the Civilised World and Judaism.* By H. J. Kisch. George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.

*The Two Saviours of the World: Joseph Typical of Jesus.* By Timothy Shepherd. Illustrated. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

#### PERIODICALS

*The Book Monthly; Irish Review; Deutsche Rundschau; The Antiquary; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; The Vineyard; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; The Author; The Bodleian; The School World; The Educational Times; The University Correspondent; The Literary Digest; The Quiver; The Journal of Education; The Periodical.*



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